ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

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ROOM IN CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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PREFACE

THIS play, which I first edited in 1881, is now revised on the same general plan as *The Merchant of Venice* and the other plays that have preceded it.

Of the notes on textual variations I have retained very few, except on obscure and perplexing passages where the readings and explanations of the modern standard editions are of more than usual interest.

As in the earlier volumes of the series, new notes have been substituted for those referring to other plays, so that the book is complete in itself.

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CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE
(Now in London)

ALEXANDRIA

INTRODUCTION TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

Antony and Cleopatra was first printed in the folio of 1623, but it was probably written in 1607 or very early in 1608. There can be little doubt that it is the *Anthony and Cleopatra* which was entered on the Stationers' Registers, May 20, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the folio. As no edition was brought out, it was re-entered by Blount in 1623 as one of the plays in the folio "not formerly entered to other men."

It was formerly supposed that this play was written soon after *Julius Cæsar*, with which it is connected historically in the person of its hero; but we now know that *Julius Cæsar* was produced some seven years earlier.

As Dowden has well shown, the "ethical" relations of *Antony and Cleopatra* connect it with *Macbeth* on the one hand and with *Coriolanus* on the other. He remarks: "The events of Roman history connect *Antony and Cleopatra* immediately with *Julius Cæsar;* yet Shakspere allowed a number of years to pass, during which he was actively engaged as author, before he seems to have thought of his second Roman play. What is the significance of this fact? Does it not mean that the historical connection was now a connection too external and too material to carry Shakspere on from subject to subject, as it had sufficed to do while he was engaged upon his series of English historical plays? The profoundest concerns of the individual soul were now pressing upon the imagination of the poet. Dramas now written upon subjects taken from history became not chronicles, but tragedies. The moral interest was supreme. The spiritual material dealt with by Shakspere's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other.

"But having in Macbeth (about 1606) studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakspere, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony. In the nature of Antony, as in the nature of Macbeth, there is a moral fault or flaw, which circumstances discover, and which in the end works his destruction. In each play

the pathos is of the same kind — it lies in the gradual severing of a man, through the lust of power or through the lust of pleasure, from his better self. By the side of Antony, as by Macbeth's side, there stood a terrible force, in the form of a woman, whose function it was to realize and ripen the unorganized and undeveloped evil of his soul. Antony's sin was an inordinate passion for enjoyment at the expense of Roman virtue and manly energy; a prodigality of heart, a superb egoism of pleasure. After a brief interval, Shakspere went on to apply his imagination to the investigating of another form of egoism — not the egoism of self-diffusion, but of self-concentration. As Antony betrays himself and his cause through his sin of indulgence and laxity, so Coriolanus does violence to his own soul and to his country through his sin of haughtiness, rigidity, and inordinate pride. Thus an ethical tendency connects these two plays, which are also connected in point of time; while *Antony and Cleopatra*, although historically a continuation of *Julius Cæsar*, stands separated from it, both in the chronological order of Shakspere's plays and in the logical order assigned by successive developments of the conscience, the intellect, and the imagination of the dramatist."

Antony and Cleopatra is well printed in the folio, and the textual difficulties are comparatively few and slight.

The Historical Sources of the Plot

In this, as in the other Roman plays, the poet drew his materials almost exclusively from Sir Thomas North's

translation of Bishop Amyot's French version of Plutarch's *Lives*. Not only the main historical action, but also many of the minor incidents, speeches, and touches of characterization are taken from this source. Even single expressions and words, "such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property," are not really his, but the old Greek biographer's. For instance, Hazlitt cites, as a striking example of the imagination displayed by the poet, the passage in which Cleopatra refers to her birthday (iii. 13. 185): —

> "It is my birthday;
> I had thought to keep it poor, but since my lord
> Is Antony again I will be Cleopatra."

But this is taken from North: "From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For first of all, where [whereas] she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now, in contrary manner, did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence."

More than one critic has eulogized "the high-hearted answer" of Charmian to the expostulation of the Roman soldier in the final scene: —

> "*Guard.* What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?
> *Charmian.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess
> Descended of so many royal kings."

But this is also from Plutarch, with slight alteration except what is necessary to put it into verse: "One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmian?' 'Very well,' said she again, 'and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings.'"

And yet, freely as the dramatist has drawn from the ancient author, how insignificant, after all, is the real indebtedness to him! So far as the historical materials of the play are concerned, the poet may owe to Plutarch almost all that he has needed; but when we compare the finished poetry with the borrowed prose, the latter appears only as the dry bones which the mighty magician has transformed into a living thing of beauty and a joy forever.

There were earlier plays on the same subject (Daniel's *Cleopatra*, the Countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie*, etc.), but to these it is evident that Shakespeare owed nothing.

General Comments on the Play

The keynote of the play is struck in the opening speech. Demetrius and Philo see and lament the enthralment of Antony by the Egyptian queen, and his indifference to his reputation and responsibilities as a soldier and a Roman: —

> "Nay, but this dotage of our general's
> O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
> That o'er the files and musters of the war
> Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front ; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust. —
Look where they come!
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see."

If this had been made a formal prologue to the play, it could hardly have been more appropriate and significant. "Behold and see" is the poet's apostrophe to the theatre and to the world for all time. "Enter Antony and Cleopatra." Behold and see the tragedy of their sin and their fate.

The first utterances of the pair are an avowal of the love that is to be their curse and ruin, — love lawless and unrestrained, to which no bourn can be set while heaven and earth remain as they are. A messenger enters with news from Rome ; but news from his country and his home "grates" the recreant triumvir and husband. Cleopatra, however, would fain satisfy herself whether his "faith unfaithful" continues "falsely true" in spite of possible appeals from Octavius or Fulvia : —

"Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;

Perform 't, or else we damn thee ?'
Perchance, — nay, and most like, —
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager ; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds."

The sarcasm, like a poisoned arrow, goes straight to the mark, and Antony, stung by the envenomed barb, cries out : —

"Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay ; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair [*Embracing*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless."

The die is cast. Rome and Fulvia are repudiated fully and finally. The "soul's tragedy," as Browning would have called it, is complete. The subjective ruin of the man is consummated, and nothing remains but to show its objective phenomena and results. The spasms of penitence and remorse that he feels at times afterward are but as eddies in the swift and resistless current that sweeps him onward and downward to his doom.

Antony is no new acquaintance in the Roman company to whom Shakespeare introduces us. We have met and

known him in *Julius Cæsar*, and some of the earliest allusions to him in that play give us a hint of the moral taint that in the end undoes him. Brutus sneers at the "quick spirit" that is in Antony and makes him "gamesome." The wary and sagacious Cassius, who, as Cæsar notes, is "a great observer" and "looks quite through the deeds of men," recognizes the real ability of the man, only the more dangerous from his want of principle. But Brutus sees only the profligate, "given to sports, to wildness, and much company," who, rather than die for his friend Cæsar, will live and laugh at his fate. And so Antony, contrary to the judgment of Cassius, is suffered to "outlive Cæsar." But Cassius was right and Brutus was wrong, as they both found out to their sorrow when Brutus — again in the face of his politic fellow-conspirator's warning — gave Antony leave to "speak in Cæsar's funeral."

And yet Antony, as Shakespeare brings him before us, is not entirely unattractive. Paul Stapfer aptly defines him as "a noble nature destitute of moral sense"; in Plutarch "frankly despicable, and even positively odious, while Shakespeare adds many happy and delicate touches which render him, if not altogether lovable, at least an interesting and well-nigh a beautiful character." The dramatist, if not completely true to history, cannot be charged with being actually false to it. As Trench has remarked, the fact that the play starts from a late period of Antony's career "enables Shakespeare to leave wholly out of sight, and this with no violation of historic truth,

much in the life of the triumvir which was wickedest and worst. There are followers who cleave to him in his lowest estate, even as there are fitful gleams and glimpses of generosity which explain this fidelity of theirs ; and when at the last we behold him standing amid the wreck of fortunes and the waste of gifts, the whole range of poetry offers no more tragical figure than he is, few that arouse a deeper pity."

Cleopatra, by general consent of the critics, is the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's feminine creations. As Campbell the poet observes, "he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil." There may be more in this than a figure of rhetoric. Courtenay, Gervinus, Massey, Ward, Furnivall, Dowden, and others agree in the opinion that the "dark lady" of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, "his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress," may be to some extent portrayed in the Egyptian queen. "May we dare," asks Dowden, "to conjecture that Cleopatra, queen and courtesan, 'black from Phœbus' amorous pinches,' a 'lass unparalleled,' has some kinship through the imagination with the dark lady of the virginal ?"

"Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill?" Shakespeare asks the dark lady in the 150th *Sonnet*. This is like Antony's exclamation : —

> "Fie, wrangling queen!
> Whom every thing becomes ; "

and the declaration of Enobarbus : —

> "For vilest things
> Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
> Bless her when she is riggish."

The *Sonnets* would furnish many another point of resemblance between the English and the Egyptian courtesans, if my present limits permitted me to follow out the comparison.

No critic has ever commented upon Cleopatra without quoting the passage we all know by heart: —

> "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety;"

and therein lay the main secret of her fascination. The wanton may have sensual charms and attractions in the highest degree, but men are soon sated with these, and tire of the charmer unless she have something of this versatility which continually offers fresh allurements and new forms of captivation. As Enobarbus says: —

> "other women cloy
> The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies."

This recalls Hamlet's description of his mother:

> "Why she would hang on him
> As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on."

Cleopatra had this rare gift of her sex in utmost perfection. It was the spell that had enthralled Pompey and Cæsar even in what she called her "salad days"; for, as Plutarch says, "they knew her when she was but a young

thing, and knew not then what the world meant." We might wonder that now, at the mature age of thirty-nine, she could retain the powers of fascination that she possessed in the early bloom of womanhood; but, if she had lost any personal graces that time could take away, which is possible if not probable, the loss was more than made up by what she had learned from long experience in the art of love. That which was at first an instinct or impulse had indeed become an *art* with her, an art of marvellous complexity, of indescribable subtlety. She had carried it to a degree of refinement which a woman like Charmian, though by no means a novice in this feminine cunning, could hardly comprehend. Cleopatra knew how to attract by repulsion, to allure by antagonism, to lash a man into hotter love by taunts and jeers and sarcasms. Charmian's philosophy is of a simpler sort, and even when her royal mistress has laughed at it she is still disposed to cling to it.

"*Cleopatra.* See where he is, who 's with him, what he does;
I did not send you. — If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. [*Exit Alexas.*
Charmian. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleopatra. What should I do, I do not?
Charmian. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleopatra. Thou teachest like a fool, — the way to lose him.
Charmian. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear.
In time we hate that which we often fear."

We see, in the scene with Antony which follows, how perfectly the queen puts her theory into practice, how she teases and torments and irritates her lover, and laughs at his impotent wrath, bidding Charmian note —

> "How this Herculean Roman does become
> The carriage of his chafe."

But she knows when to stop; she does not, as Charmian has feared she might, "tempt him so too far." After she has worried him almost past endurance, she suddenly checks herself and bids him farewell with genuine and fascinating tenderness: —

> "But, sir, forgive me,
> Since my becomings kill me when they do not
> Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
> Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
> And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
> Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
> Be strew'd before your feet!"

Verily, as Antony has said, "she is cunning past man's thought," but not past woman's wit. And this cunning is shown in almost infinitely varied ways. She can change with every shifting mood of her lover, adapting herself to his humour, or sway his mood at will, compelling him to her own humour or caprice. She can outdo him in revelling and debauchery. She can fool him to the top of his bent. She can see through the petty tricks to which his vanity tempts him, and turn the tables upon him by shrewder tricks of the same kind which he does not suspect until he is entrapped and laughed at: —

"*Charmian.* 'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.[1]
Cleopatra. That time, — O times! —
I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience; the next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan."

But the tragedy follows hard upon the heels of the comedy. Octavius is at hand, and Antony must fight with him — "by sea," says Cleopatra; and "by sea, by sea," Antony echoes and insists, in the face of warnings from his officers not to throw away "the absolute soldiership" he has by land and give himself up "merely to chance and hazard." The result confirms their worst forebodings. Cleopatra's galleys take flight, and —

"The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her."

Fortune is afterward transiently retrieved on land; but disaster and defeat, final and hopeless, soon follow. Antony ascribes this disgrace to treachery on the part of his mistress and ally, and is ready to kill her for betraying

[1] The story of the fishing is told more at length by Plutarch, who explains how Antony had provoked Cleopatra to this practical joke. See note on the passage.

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him to Octavius. She flees from his rage and feigns herself dead, in the hope that it may turn his wrath to pity and remorse : —

> "Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
> Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
> And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
> And bring me how he takes my death."

It is the first of her wiles that fails by going too far. It accomplishes its purpose only too well ; for Antony, in the agony and desperation of his grief, resolves to die also : —

> "I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
> Weep for my pardon."

He falls, "a Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquished ;" and she in turn determines to die after "the high Roman fashion." She is "studied in her death," as ever in her life. She will make the fell destroyer "proud to take her," greeting him "like a queen" in her "best attires." Nor shall her beauty suffer stain or diminution as she goes "again to meet Mark Antony." The "pretty worm of Nilus that kills and pains not" shall bring her liberty, and, like a baby at her breast, suck the nurse asleep. While she lapses to this welcome slumber, "as sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle," murmuring the name of "Antony," her crown is turned awry ; but Charmian, who is dying with her mistress, spends her last remnant of life and strength in setting it right again, — so that, when Cæsar comes too late to save her, he can only say : —

"She looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace."

The character of Cleopatra has been admirably summed up by Henry Giles: "Wonderful she is in her grand and dazzling loveliness. Full of soul, full of power, and full of poetry, she is the very majesty of voluptuousness; she could beat Antony himself in the strength and endurance of carousal. Ambitious, yet sensuous; cunning, yet intellectual; insidious, yet bold; high and daring in her aims, she contrives to combine politics with pleasure. Keen in her understanding, yet gorgeous in her imagination, she knew how to conceal a plan within a pageant, and her pageantry was the pageantry of a goddess. Vehement as she was subtle, her pleasures were as ocean-tides; they surged up from the dark depths of her impassioned soul. Daughter of the Ptolemies, queen of olden and mystic Egypt, with the rich genius of Greece and the hot blood of Africa, she was at once poetess, sovereign, and enchantress; grace, mingled with force, concealed the grossness of her excess; something of the artistic entered into the wildest extravagance of her luxuries; even in her vices she was brilliant and imperial. It was meet that her lovers should be masters of the world; with no lower suitors would imagination be content to mate her. If she must bend her sceptre to the sword of Cæsar, it was still right that he should bow his head to the royalty of her beauty; his was the victory of force, hers of fascination; he was strong in his legions, she was strong in herself;

he conquered the world, and she conquered him. The august and godlike Julius humbled himself before her. The impetuous and magnificent Antony became a mere child to her command. What measure shall we find for that combination of womanly witchery and womanly genius, the result of which we observe in the subjugation of two such men as haughty Julius and inconstant Antony? It required the mind of Shakespeare properly to conceive it, and by Shakespeare only it has sufficiency of expression."

And we may note, moreover, with Mrs. Jameson, that, while "he alone has dared to exhibit the Egyptian queen with all her greatness and all her littleness," he has yet "preserved the dramatic propriety and poetical colouring of the character, and awakened our pity for fallen grandeur without once beguiling us into sympathy with guilt or error."

Of the other characters in the play Enobarbus is perhaps the most interesting, both personally and dramatically. He is a genuine soldier of the Roman type, a plain, blunt man, who, as Hudson has pointed out, is made use of by Shakespeare to "serve the office of a chorus in the play, to interpret between the author and his audience." He is thus "at once a character and a commentary." Gervinus pays a tribute to his dry humour, but shows himself amusingly blind to a conspicuous example of this humour, — where, upon Cleopatra's declaring to Thyreus that her "honour was not yielded, but conquered merely" — a falsehood as brazen as it was transparent — Enobar-

bus says aside, "To be sure of that, I will ask Antony." One would suppose that the irony of this was as obvious as the mendacity that provokes it; but the German critic takes it in all seriousness. According to him, what Cleopatra says to Thyreus seems to Enobarbus "so earnest and true that he questions his lord about it"!

The death of Enobarbus from shame and remorse — he does not kill himself — proves the innate nobility of the man. Indeed, as Paul Stapfer observes, "his figure is by far the noblest in the tragedy among those that have more than a shadowy existence; for Eros and Octavia, two other beautiful apparitions, only pass and disappear."

What is the "moral" of the great tragedy? It is that of the dramatist's own entanglement with the lesser Cleopatra of the *Sonnets*, which escaped being a "soul's tragedy" only because Shakespeare was not a lesser Antony; and it is written in the 129th *Sonnet:* —

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murtherous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

> All this the world well knows ; yet none knows **well**
> To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

Shakespeare descended into that hell, but made his way out again, wiser and stronger for the experience ; Antony sank into its black depths, and was seen no more.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } friends to Antony.

MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } friends to Cæsar.

MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } friends to Pompey.

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.

CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.

SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.

EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, a Eunuch,
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES, } attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

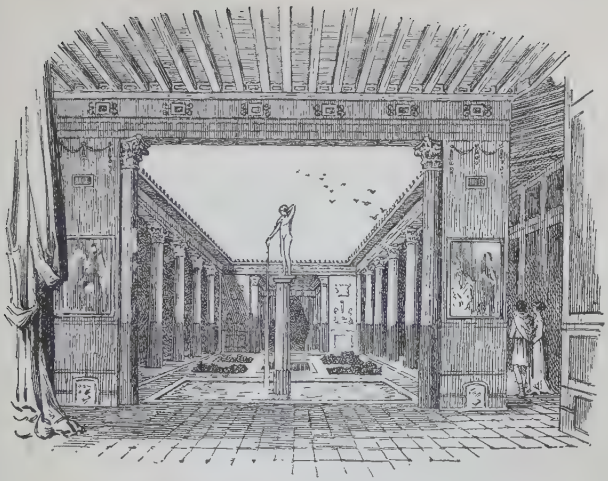
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.

OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.

CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman empire.*



ATRIUM IN CÆSAR'S HOUSE

ACT I

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO

Philo. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust. —

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her*

Look, where they come!
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool; behold and see.

Cleopatra. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Antony. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleopatra. I 'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Antony. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant

Attendant. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Antony. Grates me; the sum.

Cleopatra. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee'?

Antony. How, my love!

Cleopatra. Perchance, — nay, and most like, —
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say? both?—
Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. — The messengers!

Antony. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleopatra. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Antony. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. —
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleopatra. Hear the ambassadors.

Antony. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes — to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. — Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra with their train.*
Demetrius. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Philo. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Demetrius. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Same. Another Room*

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a* Soothsayer

Charmian. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!
Alexas. Soothsayer!
Soothsayer. Your will?
Charmian. Is this the man? — Is 't you, sir, that know things?
Soothsayer. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alexas. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS

Enobarbus. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Charmian. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Soothsayer. I make not, but foresee.

Charmian. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Soothsayer. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Charmian. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Charmian. Wrinkles forbid!

Alexas. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Charmian. Hush!

Soothsayer. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Charmian. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alexas. Nay, hear him.

Charmian. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage; find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Soothsayer. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Charmian. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Soothsayer. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Charmian. Then belike my children shall have no names.
Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Soothsayer. If fertile every wish, a million.

Charmian. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alexas. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Charmian. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alexas. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Enobarbus. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be — drunk to bed.

Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Charmian. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Charmian. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Soothsayer. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Soothsayer. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Charmian. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Charmian. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune! — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! — Good

Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Charmian. Amen.

Alexas. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they 'd do 't!

Enobarbus. Hush! here comes Antony.

Charmian. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra

Cleopatra. Saw you my lord?

Enobarbus. No, lady.

Cleopatra. Was he not here?

Charmian. No, madam.

Cleopatra. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus!

Enobarbus. Madam?

Cleopatra. Seek him, and bring him hither. — Where 's Alexas?

Alexas. Here, at your service. — My lord approaches.

Cleopatra. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants

Messenger. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Antony. Against my brother Lucius?

Messenger. Ay;
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.
Antony. Well, what worst?
Messenger. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Antony. When it concerns the fool or coward. — On!
Things that are past are done with me. — 'T is thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Messenger. Labienus —
This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst —
Antony. Antony, thou wouldst say, —
Messenger. O, my lord!
Antony. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing! Fare thee well awhile.
Messenger. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Antony. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

1 *Attendant.* The man from Sicyon, — is there such an one?

2 *Attendant.* He stays upon your will.

Antony. Let him appear. —
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

2 *Messenger.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Antony. Where died she?

Messenger. In Sicyon;
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Antony. Forbear me. —
[*Exit 2 Messenger.*
There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself. She 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. — Ho! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus

Enobarbus. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Antony. I must with haste from hence.

Enobarbus. Why, then, we kill all our women. We

see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Antony. I must be gone.

Enobarbus. Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing, though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Antony. She is cunning past man's thought.

Enobarbus. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Antony. Would I had never seen her!

Enobarbus. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Antony. Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus. Sir?

Antony. Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus. Fulvia!

Antony. Dead.

Enobarbus. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the

wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut and the case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; — and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Antony. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Enobarbus. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Antony. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part; for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
The empire of the sea; our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son, who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

For the main soldier, whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Enobarbus. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Same. Another Room*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas

Cleopatra. Where is he?
Charmian. I did not see him since.
Cleopatra. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does;
I did not send you. — If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Charmian. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleopatra. What should I do, I do not?
Charmian. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleopatra. Thou teachest like a fool, — the way to lose him.

Charmian. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear.
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY

Cleopatra. I am sick and sullen.
Antony. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —
Cleopatra. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Antony. Now, my dearest queen, —
Cleopatra. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Antony. What 's the matter?
Cleopatra. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman? — You may go; 20
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 't is I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you, hers you are.
Antony. The gods best know —
Cleopatra. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
Antony. Cleopatra, —
Cleopatra. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

Antony. Most sweet queen, —

Cleopatra. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell and go. When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Antony. How now, lady!

Cleopatra. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Antony. Hear me, queen.
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleopatra. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. — Can Fulvia die?

Antony. She 's dead, my queen.
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,
See when and where she died.

Cleopatra. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Antony. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleopatra. Cut my lace, Charmian, come. —
But let it be. — I am quickly ill, — and well,
So Antony loves.

Antony. My precious queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleopatra. So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Antony. You 'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleopatra. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Antony. Now, by my sword, —
Cleopatra. And target. — Still he mends,
But this is not the best. — Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Antony. I 'll leave you, lady.
Cleopatra. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, — but that 's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, — but there 's not it;
That you know well; something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Antony. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleopatra. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Antony. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Rome. Cæsar's House*

Enter Octavius Cæsar, *reading a letter,* Lepidus, *and their Train*

Cæsar. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
Lepidus. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness.
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchas'd, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.
Cæsar. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't; but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger

Lepidus. Here 's more news.

Messenger. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæsar. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Messenger. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind; many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
Taken as seen, for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæsar. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst; on the Alps

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this —
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now —
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lepidus. 'T is pity of him.

Cæsar. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'T is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council; Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lepidus. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæsar. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lepidus. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæsar. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian

Cleopatra. Charmian!

Charmian. Madam?

Cleopatra. Ha, ha! —
Give me to drink mandragora.
Charmian. Why, madam?
Cleopatra. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Charmian. You think of him too much.
Cleopatra. O, 't is treason!
Charmian. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleopatra. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mardian. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleopatra. Not now to hear thee sing. — O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. — He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where 's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me; now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. — Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS

Alexas. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleopatra. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee. —
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alexas. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd — the last of many doubled kisses —
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleopatra. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alexas. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster, at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleopatra. What, was he sad or merry?

Alexas. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleopatra. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man, but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his joy, but between both.
O heavenly mingle! — Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. — Met'st thou my posts?
Alexas. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?
Cleopatra. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. — Ink and paper, Charmian. —
Welcome, my good Alexas. — Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Charmian. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleopatra. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Charmian. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleopatra. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Charmian. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleopatra. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, — cold in blood,
To say as I said then! — But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper.
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

ACT II

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's House*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS, *in warlike manner*

Pompey. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Menecrates. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.

Pompey. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Menecrates. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pompey. I shall do well.
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors; Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Menas. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pompey. Where have you this? 't is false.
Menas. From Silvius, sir.
Pompey. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming! Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness! —
Enter VARRIUS
How now, Varrius!
Varrius. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 't is
A space for further travel.

Pompey. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Menas. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pompey. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Rome. The House of Lepidus*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus

Lepidus. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Enobarbus. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lepidus. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Enobarbus. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lepidus. But small to greater matters must give way.

Enobarbus. Not if the small come first.

Lepidus. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS

Enobarbus. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA

Antony. If we compose well here, to Parthia;
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæsar. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lepidus. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Antony. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*

Cæsar. Welcome to Rome.

Antony. Thank you.

Cæsar. Sit.

Antony. Sit, sir.

Cæsar. Nay, then —

Antony. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæsar. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Antony. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæsar. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Antony. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæsar. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Antony. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Cæsar. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Antony. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another ;
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Enobarbus. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women !
Antony. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet; for that, you must
But say I could not help it.
Cæsar. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
Antony. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want
Of what I was i' the morning, but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæsar. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lepidus. Soft, Cæsar!
Antony. No,
Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.
Cæsar. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.
Antony. Neglected rather,
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I 'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lepidus. 'T is noble spoken.

Mæcenas. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye ; to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lepidus. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Enobarbus. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again ; you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Antony. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Enobarbus. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Antony. You wrong this presence ; therefore speak no more.

Enobarbus. Go to, then ; your considerate stone.

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agrippa. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæsar. Speak, Agrippa.

Agrippa. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæsar. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Antony. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agrippa. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife, whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing; truths would be tales
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Antony. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæsar. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Antony. What power is in Agrippa,

If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?
Cæsar. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Antony. May I never
To this good purpose that so fairly shows
Dream of impediment! — Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
Cæsar. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly; let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lepidus. Happily, amen!
Antony. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report,
At heel of that defy him.
Lepidus. Time calls upon 's;
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Antony. Where lies he?
Cæsar. About the Mount Misenum.
Antony. What is his strength by land?
Cæsar. Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Antony. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæsar. With most gladness,
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

Antony. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lepidus. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mæcenas. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Enobarbus. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! — My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agrippa. Good Enobarbus!

Mæcenas. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by 't in Egypt.

Enobarbus. Ay sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæcenas. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Enobarbus. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæcenas. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Enobarbus. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agrippa. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Enobarbus. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agrippa. O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,

Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Agrippa. Rare Egyptian!

Enobarbus. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper; she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agrippa. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.

Enobarbus. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæcenas. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Enobarbus. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mæcenas. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agrippa. Let us go. —
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Enobarbus. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Same. Cæsar's House*

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia *between them, and* Attendants

Antony. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octavia. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Antony. Good night, sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report ;
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady. —
Good night, sir.

Cæsar. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

Enter Soothsayer

Antony. Now ! sirrah ; you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

Soothsayer. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither !

Antony. If you can, your reason?

Soothsayer. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Antony. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Soothsayer. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd. Therefore
Make space enough between you.

Antony. Speak this no more.

Soothsayer. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose, and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 't is noble.

Antony. Get thee gone;
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him. —
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia. — Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true; the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
And, though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies. —

Enter VENTIDIUS

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Street*

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA

Lepidus. Trouble yourself no further; pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agrippa. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

Lepidus. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mæcenas. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lepidus. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about.
You 'll win two days upon me.

Mæcenas. } Sir, good success!
Agrippa. }

Lepidus. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas

Cleopatra. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attendants. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch*

Cleopatra. Let it alone; let 's to billiards. Come, Charmian.

Charmian. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleopatra. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. — Come, you 'll play with me, sir?

Mardian. As well as I can, madam.

Cleopatra. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now. —
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river. There,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

Charmian. 'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleopatra. That time, — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed,
Then put my tires and mantles on him whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. —

Enter a Messenger

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Messenger. Madam, madam, —
Cleopatra. Antony 's dead! — If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
Have lipp'd and trembled kissing.
Messenger. First, madam, he is well.
Cleopatra. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Messenger. Good madam, hear me.
Cleopatra. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful, — so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Messenger. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleopatra. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Messenger. Madam, he 's well.
Cleopatra. Well said.
Messenger. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleopatra. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Messenger. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleopatra. Make thee a fortune from me.
Messenger. But yet, madam, —
Cleopatra. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.
Messenger. Free, madam! no; I made no such report.
He 's bound unto Octavia.
Cleopatra. For what good turn?
Messenger. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleopatra. I am pale, Charmian.
Messenger. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.
Cleopatra. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Messenger. Good madam, patience.

Cleopatra. What say you? — Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head.
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
Messenger. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleopatra. Say 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Messenger. He 's married, madam.
Cleopatra. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a knife.*
Messenger. Nay, then I 'll run. —
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Charmian. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
Cleopatra. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt. —
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! — Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Charmian. He is afeard to come.
Cleopatra. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause. —

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and* Messenger

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Messenger. I have done my duty.

Cleopatra. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say yes.

Messenger. He 's married, madam.

Cleopatra. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Messenger. Should I lie, madam?

Cleopatra. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Messenger. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleopatra. He is married?

Messenger. Take no offence that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal. He 's married to Octavia.

Cleopatra. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of! — Get thee hence.
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Charmian. Good your highness, patience.

Cleopatra. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Charmian. Many times, madam.

Cleopatra. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! — 'T is no matter. —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair; bring me word quickly. —
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go; — let him not — Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars. — Bid you Alexas [*To Mardian.*
Bring me word how tall she is. — Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. — Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Near Misenum*

Flourish. Enter Pompey *and* Menas *at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another* Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, *with* Soldiers *marching*

Pompey. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæsar. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pompey. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæsar. Take your time.

Antony. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We 'll speak with thee at sea; at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pompey. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lepidus. Be pleas'd to tell us —
For this is from the present — how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæsar. There 's the point.

Antony. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæsar. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pompey. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæsar.
Antony.
Lepidus. That 's our offer.

Pompey. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer, but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Antony. I have heard it, Pompey,

And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
Pompey. Let me have your hand;
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Antony The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by 't.
Cæsar. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pompey. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lepidus. Well met here.
Pompey. I hope so, Lepidus. — Thus we are agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæsar. That 's the next to do.
Pompey. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Antony. That will I, Pompey.
Pompey. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Antony. You have heard much.

Pompey. I have fair meanings, sir.
Antony. And fair words to them.
Pompey. Then so much have I heard;
And I have heard Apollodorus carried —
Enobarbus. No more of that; he did so.
Pompey. What, I pray you?
Enobarbus. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pompey. I know thee now; how far'st thou, soldier?
Enobarbus. Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
Pompey. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Enobarbus. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pompey. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee. —
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?
Cæsar.
Antony.
Lepidus. Show us the way, sir.
Pompey. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*

Menas. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — You and I have known, sir.

Enobarbus. At sea, I think.

Menas. We have, sir.

Enobarbus. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by land.

Enobarbus. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Menas. Nor what I have done by water.

Enobarbus. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Menas. And you by land.

Enobarbus. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Menas. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.

Enobarbus. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Menas. No slander; they steal hearts.

Enobarbus. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Enobarbus. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Menas. You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enobarbus. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Menas. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Enobarbus. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas. Pray ye, sir?

Enobarbus. 'T is true.

Menas. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Enobarbus. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Menas. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Enobarbus. I think so too; but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Menas. Who would not have his wife so?

Enobarbus. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Menas. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Enobarbus. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's Galley, off Misenum*

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants *with a banquet*

1 *Servant.* Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Servant.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Servant.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Servant.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more,' reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

1 *Servant.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Servant.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship; I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Servant.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains*

Antony. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,

The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lepidus. You 've strange serpents there.

Antony. Ay, Lepidus.

Lepidus. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Antony. They are so.

Pompey. Sit, — and some wine! — A health to Lepidus!

Lepidus. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

Enobarbus. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

Lepidus. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Menas. [*Aside to Pompey*] Pompey, a word.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Menas. [*Aside to Pompey*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] Forbear me till anon. — This wine for Lepidus!

Lepidus. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Antony. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and

moves with it own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and, the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lepidus. What colour is it of?

Antony. Of it own colour too.

Lepidus. 'T is a strange serpent.

Antony. 'T is so; and the tears of it are wet.

Cæsar. Will this description satisfy him?

Antony. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. — Where 's this cup I call'd for?

Menas. [*Aside to Pompey*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pompey. [*Aside to Menas*] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Menas. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pompey. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say? —
Be jolly, lords.

Antony. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pompey. What say'st thou?

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

Pompey. How should that be?

Menas. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pompey. Hast thou drunk well?
Menas. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove;
Whate'er the ocean pales or sky inclips
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.
Pompey. Show me which way.
Menas. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel; let me cut the cable,
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats;
All there is thine.
Pompey. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 't is villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act; being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Menas. [*Aside*] For this,
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pompey. This health to Lepidus!
Antony. Bear him ashore. I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Enobarbus. Here 's to thee, Menas!

Menas. Enobarbus, welcome!
Pompey. Fill till the cup be hid.
Enobarbus. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*
Menas. Why?
Enobarbus. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
Menas. The third part, then, is drunk; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Enobarbus. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Menas. Come.
Pompey. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Antony. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!
Cæsar. I could well forbear 't.
It 's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.
Antony. Be a child o' the time.
Cæsar. Possess it, I 'll make answer;
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
Enobarbus. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals
And celebrate our drink?
Pompey. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.
Antony. Come, let 's all take hands
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Enobarbus. All take hands. —
Make battery to our ears with the loud music. —
The while I 'll place you; then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd! 120
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæsar. What would you more? — Pompey, good night. — Good brother,
Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night. —
Good Antony, your hand.

Pompey. I 'll try you on the shore. 130

Antony. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

Pompey. O Antony,
You have my father's house, — but, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Enobarbus. Take heed you fall not. —

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*

Menas, I 'll not on shore.

Menas. No, to my cabin. —

These drums ! these trumpets, flutes ! what ! —

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. — Sound and be hang'd, sound out !

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Enobarbus. Hoo ! says a'. — There 's my cap.

Menas. Hoo ! — Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACTIUM

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria*

Enter VENTIDIUS *as it were in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him*

Ventidius. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. — Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Silius. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ventidius. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person. Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Silius. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ventidius. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Silius. Where is he now?

Ventidius. He purposeth to Athens, whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. — On, there ; pass along !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. An Antechamber in Cæsar's House*

Enter AGRIPPA *at one door,* ENOBARBUS *at another*

Agrippa. What, are the brothers parted?

Enobarbus. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agrippa. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Enobarbus. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agrippa. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Enobarbus. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agrippa. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Enobarbus. Spake you of Cæsar? Hoo ! the nonpareil !

Agrippa. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Enobarbus. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar ; go no further.

Agrippa. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Enobarbus. But he loves Cæsar best ; yet he loves Antony.

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, hoo!
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agrippa. Both he loves.

Enobarbus. They are his shards, and he their beetle.—
[*Trumpets within.*] So;

This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agrippa. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia

Antony. No further, sir.

Cæsar. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. — Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. — Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Antony. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæsar. I have said.

Antony. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæsar. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octavia. My noble brother!

Antony. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. — Be cheerful.

Octavia. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and —

Cæsar. What,
Octavia?

Octavia. I'll tell you in your ear.

Antony. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, — the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Agrippa*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agrippa. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] He has a cloud in's face.

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Agrippa*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agrippa. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Enobarbus. [*Aside to Agrippa*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæsar. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Antony. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæsar. Adieu; be happy!

Lepidus. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæsar. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Antony. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas

Cleopatra. Where is the fellow?

Alexas. Half afeard to come.

Cleopatra. Go to, go to.—

Enter the Messenger *as before*

Come hither, sir.

Alexas. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleopatra. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? — Come thou near.
Messenger. Most gracious majesty, —
Cleopatra. Didst thou behold Octavia?
Messenger. Ay, dread queen.
Cleopatra. Where?
Messenger. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleopatra. Is she as tall as me?
Messenger. She is not, madam.
Cleopatra. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?
Messenger. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleopatra. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.
Charmian. Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.
Cleopatra. I think so, Charmian; dull of tongue and dwarfish! —
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Messenger. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleopatra. Is this certain?
Messenger. Or I have no observance.

Charmian. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleopatra. He 's very knowing,
I do perceive 't. There 's nothing in her yet. —
The fellow has good judgment.
Charmian. Excellent.
Cleopatra. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Messenger. Madam,
She was a widow, —
Cleopatra. Widow ! — Charmian, hark.
Messenger. And I do think she 's thirty.
Cleopatra. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?
Messenger. Round even to faultiness.
Cleopatra. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so. —
Her hair, what colour?
Messenger. Brown, madam ; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleopatra. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
Charmian. A proper man.
Cleopatra. Indeed, he is so ; I repent me much
That I so harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.
Charmian. Nothing, madam.

Cleopatra. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Charmian. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleopatra. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian.
But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Charmian. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Athens. A Room in Antony's House*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA

Antony. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will and read it
To public ear,
Spoke scantly of me. When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them, most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octavia. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Antony. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's; the meantime, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octavia. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me — most weak, most weak —
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Antony. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *The Same. Another Room*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting*

Enobarbus. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Enobarbus. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Enobarbus. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and, not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Enobarbus. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden — thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murther'd Pompey.

Enobarbus. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Enobarbus. 'T will be nought;
But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Rome. Cæsar's House*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mæcenas

Cæsar. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria. Here 's the manner of 't :
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd ; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæcenas. This in the public eye?

Cæsar. I' the common show-place where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings ;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

Mæcenas. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agrippa. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæsar. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agrippa. Who does he accuse?

Cæsar. Cæsar ; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle ; then does he say he lent me

Some shipping unrestor'd ; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd, and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agrippa. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæsar. 'T is done already and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abus'd
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part, but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæcenas. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæsar. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA *with her Train*

Octavia. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

Cæsar. That ever I should call thee castaway !

Octavia. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæsar. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister ; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not ; nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd. We should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octavia. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal, whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæsar. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octavia. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæsar. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octavia. My lord, in Athens.

Cæsar. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;

King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octavia. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæsar. Welcome hither;
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agrippa. Welcome, lady.

Mæcenas. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octavia. Is it so, sir?

Cæsar. Most certain. Sister, welcome ; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister !

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Near Actium. Antony's Camp*

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus

Cleopatra. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Enobarbus. But why, why, why?

Cleopatra. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars
And say'st it is not fit.

Enobarbus. Well, is it, is it?

Cleopatra. Is 't not denounc'd against us? why should not we
Be there in person?

Enobarbus. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 't is said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleopatra. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Enobarbus. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS

Antony. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea
And take in Toryne? — You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleopatra. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Antony. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. — Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleopatra. By sea! what else?
Canidius. Why will my lord do so?
Antony. For that he dares us to 't.
Enobarbus. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Canidius. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
Enobarbus. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare, yours heavy; no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Antony. By sea, by sea!
Enobarbus. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away

The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Antony. I 'll fight at sea.

Cleopatra. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Antony. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land. —

Enter a Messenger

Thy business?

Messenger. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Antony. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be. — Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship. —
Away, my Thetis! —

Enter a Soldier

How now, worthy soldier?

Soldier. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea:
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt

This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.
Antony. Well, well. — Away!
[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*
Soldier. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
Canidius. Soldier, thou art, but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't; so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.
Soldier. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Canidius. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea,
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Soldier. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
Canidius. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?
Soldier. They say, one Taurus.
Canidius. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. The emperor calls Canidius.
Canidius. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII. *A Plain near Actium*

Enter Cæsar, *and* Taurus, *with his army, marching*

Cæsar. Taurus!

Taurus. My lord!

Cæsar. Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll; our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX. *Another Part of the Plain*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus

Antony. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill
In eye of Cæsar's battle, from which place
We may the number of the ships behold
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X. *Another Part of the Plain*

Canidius *marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæsar, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight*

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus

Enobarbus. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder;
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus

Scarus. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Enobarbus. What 's thy passion?
Scarus. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Enobarbus. How appears the fight?
Scarus. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt, —
Whom leprosy o'ertake! — i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.
Enobarbus. That I beheld;
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight and could not
Endure a further view.
Scarus. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Enobarbus. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius

Canidius. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

Enobarbus. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed.

Canidius. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scarus. 'T is easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Canidius. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Enobarbus. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter Antony *with* Attendants

Antony. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is asham'd to bear me! — Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. — I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Antony. I have fled myself and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. — Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone.
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. — O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straightway.
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now. —
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you. I 'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Charmian. Do! why, what else?
Cleopatra. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Antony. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Antony. O fie, fie, fie!

Charmian. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir, —

Antony. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now — No matter.

Cleopatra. Ah, stand by!

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleopatra. Well then, sustain me; — O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches.
Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Antony. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Antony. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I had left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleopatra. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Antony. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleopatra. O, my pardon!

Antony. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleopatra. Pardon, pardon!

Antony. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead. —
Some wine, within there, and our viands! — Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's Camp*

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, *with others*

Cæsar. Let him appear that 's come from Antony. —
Know you him?

Dolabella. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, *Ambassador from Antony*

Cæsar. Approach, and speak.
Euphronius. Such as I am, I come from Antony;
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæsar. Be 't so; declare thine office.
Euphronius. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted,
He lessens his requests and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens; this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæsar. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there; this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euphronius. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæsar. Bring him through the bands. —
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is time; dispatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyreus. Cæsar, I go.
Cæsar. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyreus. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras

Cleopatra. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Enobarbus. Think and die.
Cleopatra. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Enobarbus. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?

The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question. 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleopatra. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS *the Ambassador*

Antony. Is that his answer?

Euphronius. Ay, my lord.

Antony. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euphronius. He says so.

Antony. Let her know 't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleopatra. That head, my lord?

Antony. To him again. Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

Enobarbus. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be stag'd to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant

Attendant. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleopatra. What, no more ceremony? — See, my women! —
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, sir.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Enobarbus. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus

Cleopatra. Cæsar's will?

Thyreus. Hear it apart.

Cleopatra. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyreus. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Enobarbus. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.
Thyreus. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleopatra. Go on; right royal.
Thyreus. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleopatra. O!
Thyreus. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
Cleopatra. He is a god and knows
What is most right; mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Enobarbus. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. — Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*
Thyreus. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony

And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.
Cleopatra. What 's your name?
Thyreus. My name is Thyreus.
Cleopatra. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyreus. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleopatra. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS

Antony. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyreus. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Enobarbus. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.
Antony. Approach, there!—Ah, you kite!—Now,
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me ; of late, when I cried 'Ho !'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet. —

Enter Attendants

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Enobarbus. [*Aside*] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Antony. Moon and stars !
Whip him. — Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, — what 's her name
Since she was Cleopatra? — Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyreus. Mark Antony !

Antony. Tug him away ; being whipp'd,
Bring him again ; the Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. —

[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you ; ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleopatra. Good my lord, —

Antony. You have been a boggler ever ;

But when we in our viciousness grow hard —
O misery on 't! — the wise gods seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleopatra. O, is 't come to this?

Antony. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's, besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleopatra. Wherefore is this?

Antony. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! — O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause
And, to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. —

Re-enter Attendants *with* THYREUS

Is he whipp'd?

1 *Attendant.* Soundly, my lord.

Antony. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

1 *Attendant.* He did ask favour.

Antony. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. — Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say
He makes me angry with him, for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou;
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleopatra. Have you done yet?

Antony. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleopatra. I must stay his time.

Antony. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleopatra. Not know me yet?

Antony. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleopatra. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Antony. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle.
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleopatra. That 's my brave lord!

Antony. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests, but now I 'll set my teeth
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night. — Call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleopatra. It is my birthday;

I had thought to have held it poor, but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Antony. We will yet do well.

Cleopatra. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Antony. Do so, we 'll speak to them ; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my queen ;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I 'll make Death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Enobarbus. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart ; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

OLD EGYPTIAN PALACE

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MÆCENAS, *with his Army;* CÆSAR *reading a letter*

Cæsar. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæcenas. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction; never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæsar. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army; we have store to do 't
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others*

Antony. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Enobarbus. No.
Antony. Why should he not?
Enobarbus. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Antony. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Enobarbus. I 'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'
Antony. Well said; come on. —
Call forth my household servants; let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal. —

Enter three or four Servitors

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —

Thou, — and thou, — and thou; — you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleopatra. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] What means this?
Enobarbus. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Antony. And thou art honest too. —
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
All. The gods forbid!
Antony. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when my empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.
Cleopatra. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] What does he mean?
Enobarbus. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] To make his followers weep.
Antony. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty.
Haply you not shall see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow; perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Enobarbus. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed. For shame,
Transform us not to women.

Antony. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. Before the Palace*

Enter two Soldiers *to their guard*

1 *Soldier.* Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.

2 *Soldier.* It will determine one way; fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Soldier.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Soldier.* Belike 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Soldier.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers

2 *Soldier.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Soldier.* And you. Good night, good night.
[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*
4 *Soldier.* Here we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3 *Soldier.* 'T is a brave army
And full of purpose.
[*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*
4 *Soldier.* Peace! what noise?
1 *Soldier.* List, list!
2 *Soldier.* Hark!
1 *Soldier.* Music i' the air.
3 *Soldier.* Under the earth.
4 *Soldier.* It signs well, does it not?
3 *Soldier.* No.
1 *Soldier.* Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
2 *Soldier.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Soldier.* Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*
2 *Soldier.* How now, masters!
All. [*Speaking together*] How now!
How now! do you hear this?
1 *Soldier.* Ay; is 't not strange?
3 *Soldier.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Soldier.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how it will give off.
All. Content. 'T is strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Room in the Palace*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and others attending*

Antony. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleopatra. Sleep a little.
Antony. No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on. —
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. — Come.
Cleopatra. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for?
Antony. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.
Cleopatra. Sooth, la, I 'll help; thus it must be.
Antony. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. — Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleopatra. Is not this buckled well?
Antony. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this till we do please
To daff 't for our repose shall hear a storm. —
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou; dispatch — O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't. —

Enter an armed Soldier

Good morrow to thee; welcome!
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love we rise betime
And go to 't with delight.

Soldier. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains *and* Soldiers

Captain. The morn is fair. — Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Antony. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. —
So, so; come, give me that; this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me;
This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. — You that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't. — Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*

Charmian. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleopatra. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony, — but now — Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Alexandria. Antony's Camp*

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a* Soldier *meeting them*

Soldier. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Antony. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Soldier. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Antony. Who 's gone this morning?
Soldier. Who!
One ever near thee; call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'
Antony. What say'st thou?
Soldier. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Antony. Is he gone?
Soldier. Most certain.
Antony. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it.

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him —
I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! — Dispatch. — Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and others*

Cæsar. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agrippa. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæsar. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæsar. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*
Enobarbus. Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony, there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,

And leave his master Antony; for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of Cæsar's*

Soldier. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus; the messenger
Came on my guard and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Enobarbus. I give it you.

Soldier. Mock not, Enobarbus;
I tell you true. Best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Enobarbus. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. — O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought, but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! — No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others*

Agrippa. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded*

Scarus. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Antony. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scarus. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Antony. They do retire.

Scarus. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scarus. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Antony. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scarus. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria*

Alarum. Enter Antony, *in a march;* Scarus, *with others*

Antony. We have beat him to his camp; run one before
And let the queen know of our gests. — To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. — [*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand.

Enter Cleopatra, *attended*

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. — [*To Cleopatra*] O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleopatra. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Antony. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand. —
Kiss it, my warrior. — He hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleopatra. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Antony. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. — Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX. *Cæsar's Camp*

Sentinels *at their post*

1 *Soldier.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night

Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Soldier.* This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter ENOBARBUS

Enobarbus. O, bear me witness, night, —

3 *Soldier.* What man is this?

2 *Soldier.* Stand close, and list him.

Enobarbus. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

1 *Soldier.* Enobarbus!

3 *Soldier.* Peace!

Hark further.

Enobarbus. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me; throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. — O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

2 *Soldier.* Let 's speak
To him.

1 *Soldier.* Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Soldier.* Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Soldier.* Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Soldier.* Go we to him.

3 *Soldier.* Awake, sir, awake ! speak to us.

2 *Soldier.* Hear you, sir ?

1 *Soldier.* The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark ! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard ; he is of note. Our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Soldier.* Come on, then ; he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*

Scene X. *Between the two Camps*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with their Army*

Antony. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scarus. For both, my lord.

Antony. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the air ;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is : our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. — Order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven. — Forward, now,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI. *Another Part of the Same*

Enter Cæsar, *and his Army*

Cæsar. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage ! [*Exeunt*

Scene XII. *Another Part of the Same*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus

Antony. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all ; I 'll bring thee word
Straight how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*

Scarus. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests ; the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell, — look grimly
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter Antony

Antony. All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me. 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together

Like friends long lost. — Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. — Bid them all fly; begone. —
[*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more!
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. — All come to this? — The hearts
That spaniell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm, —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end, —
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. —
What, Eros, Eros! —

Enter CLEOPATRA

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleopatra. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Antony. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*] 'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —
The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die!
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't. — Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN

Cleopatra. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Charmian. To the monument!
There lock yourself and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleopatra. To the monument! —
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. — To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIV. *The Same. Another Room*

Enter Antony *and* Eros

Antony. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Antony. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Antony. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Antony. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt and the queen, —
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost, — she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. —
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. —

Enter MARDIAN

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mardian. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Antony. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mardian. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony, it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Antony. Dead, then?

Mardian. Dead.

Antony. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done
And we must sleep. — [*To Mardian*] That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly; go. — [*Exit Mardian.*] Off, pluck off! —
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier. — Bruised pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne. — From me awhile. —
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther. — Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done. —
Eros! — I come, my queen! — Eros! — Stay for me!
Where souls do couch on flowers we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS

Eros. What would my lord?
Antony. Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come — which now
Is come indeed — when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do 't; the time is come.

Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Antony. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Antony. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Antony. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Antony. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Antony. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Antony. 'T is said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Antony. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then! — Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*
Antony. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record; but I will be
A bridegroom in my death and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead? —
The guard, ho! — O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard

1 *Guard.* What 's the noise?
Antony. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun!
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Antony. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Dercetas. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES

Diomedes. Where 's Antony?
Dercetas. There, Diomed, there.
Diomedes. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Antony. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Diomedes. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Antony. When did she send thee?
Diomedes. Now, my lord.
Antony. Where is she?
Diomedes. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw —
Which never shall be found — you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead,
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth, — and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Antony. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.

Diomedes. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard *of Antony*

Antony. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Antony. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

Scene XV. *The Same. A Monument*

Enter Cleopatra, *and her maids aloft, with* Charmian *and* Iras

Cleopatra. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Charmian. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleopatra. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it. —

Enter, below, DIOMEDES

How, now! is he dead!

Diomedes. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard

Cleopatra. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world! — O Antony,
Antony, Antony! — Help, Charmian, — help, Iras, help; —
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

Antony. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleopatra. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

Antony. I am dying, Egÿpt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleopatra. I dare not, dear, —

Dear my lord, pardon, — I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up. —
Assist, good friends.

Antony. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleopatra. Here 's sport indeed! — How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
Wishers were ever fools, — O, come, come, come;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Antony. I am dying, Egypt, dying. —
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleopatra. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Antony. One word, sweet queen;
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety. — O!
Cleopatra. They do not go together.
Antony. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleopatra. My resolution and my hands I 'll trust,
None about Cæsar.
Antony. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, — a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleopatra. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? — O, see, my women, [*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. — My lord! —
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.
Charmian. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Charmian. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Charmian. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt,

Empress!

Charmian. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleopatra. No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. — It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! — Why, how now, Charmian! —
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out! — Good sirs, take heart.
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. — Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold. —
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

INTERIOR OF MONUMENT

ACT V

SCENE I. *Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others, his council of war*

Cæsar. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dolabella. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of Antony*

Cæsar. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Dercetas. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy

Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæsar. What is 't thou say'st?
Dercetas. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæsar. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack; the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Dercetas. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife, but that self hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæsar. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agrippa. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæcenas. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.
Agrippa. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mæcenas. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæsar. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. — Hear me, good friends, —
But I will tell you at some meeter season. —

Enter an Egyptian

The business of this man looks out of him;
We 'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you?
Egyptian. A poor Egyptian yet. — The queen my mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forc'd to.
Cæsar. Bid her have good heart.
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Egyptian. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæsar. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame. Give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.
Proculeius. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæsar. Gallus, go you along. — [*Exit Gallus.*]
Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
All. Dolabella!
Cæsar. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings. Go with me and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A Room in the Monument*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS

Cleopatra. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers

Proculeius. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleopatra. What 's thy name?
Proculeius. My name is Proculeius.
Cleopatra. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom; if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Proculeius. Be of good cheer;
You 're fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleopatra. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Proculeius. This I 'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gallus. You see how easily she may be surpris'd. —

[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

[*To Proculeius*] Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Charmian. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.
Cleopatra. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Proculeius. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleopatra. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Proculeius. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself; let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleopatra. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Proculeius. O, temperance, lady!
Cleopatra. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet
And hang me up in chains!
Proculeius. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA

Dolabella. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee; for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard.
Proculeius. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her.—
[*To Cleopatra.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.
Cleopatra. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dolabella. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleopatra. I cannot tell.
Dolabella. Assuredly you know me.
Cleopatra. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?
Dolabella. I understand not, madam.
Cleopatra. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony.—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dolabella. If it might please ye,—

Cleopatra. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dolabella. Most sovereign creature, —
Cleopatra. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dolabella. Cleopatra!
Cleopatra. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dolabella. Gentle madam, no.
Cleopatra. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dolabella. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never

O'ertake pursued success but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleopatra. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dolabella. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleopatra. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dolabella. Though he be honourable, —

Cleopatra. He 'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dolabella. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[*Flourish, and shout within,* 'Make way there: Cæsar!'

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS, SELEUCUS, *and others of his Train*

Cæsar. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dolabella. It is the Emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæsar. Arise, you shall not kneel.
I pray you rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleopatra. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæsar. Take to you no hard thoughts;
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleopatra. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæsar. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but, if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.
Cleopatra. And may, through all the world: 't is yours, and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæsar. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleopatra. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of; 't is exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. — Where 's Seleucus?
Seleucus. Here, madam.
Cleopatra. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. — Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Seleucus. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleopatra. What have I kept back?

Seleucus. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæsar. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleopatra. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd! — What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. — Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæsar. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleopatra. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, — that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me

Beneath the fall I have. — [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence,
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance; wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæsar. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleopatra. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and when we fall
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæsar. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd, 180
Put we i' the roll of conquest; still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear queen,
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleopatra. My master, and my lord!

Cæsar. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*

Cleopatra. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not 191

Be noble to myself; — but, hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*
Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done
And we are for the dark.
Cleopatra. Hie thee again.
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
Charmian. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dolabella. Where is the queen?
Charmian. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*
Cleopatra. Dolabella!
Dolabella. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
Cleopatra. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dolabella. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleopatra. Farewell, and thanks. — [*Exit Dolabella.*]
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleopatra. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleopatra. Nay, that 's certain.

Iras. I 'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleopatra. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. —

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now, Charmian! —
Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch
My best attires. — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. — Sirrah Iras, go. —
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. — Bring our crown and all. —
Wherefore 's this noise? [*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Enter a Guardsman

Guardsman. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleopatra. Let him come in. — [*Exit Guardsman.*]
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, *with* Clown *bringing in a basket*

Guardsman. This is the man.

Cleopatra. Avoid, and leave him. —
[*Exit Guardsman.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him, but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleopatra. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie, — as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, — how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very

good report o' the worm, but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do; but this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleopatra. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleopatra. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleopatra. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleopatra. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleopatra. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleopatra. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS *with a robe, crown, etc.*

Cleopatra. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. —
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. — Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. — Husband, I come!
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. — So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. —
Farewell, kind Charmian. — Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Charmian. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleopatra. This proves me base;
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. — Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

Of life at once untie ; poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied !

Charmian. O eastern star !

Cleopatra. Peace, peace !
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Charmian. O, break ! O, break !

Cleopatra. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O Antony ! — Nay, I will take thee too. —
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay — [*Dies.*

Charmian. In this wild world ? — So, fare thee well. —
Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! — Your crown 's awry ;
I 'll mend it and then play —

Enter the Guard, *rushing in*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Charmian. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent —

Charmian. Too slow a messenger. —
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch ! I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All 's not well; Cæsar 's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here! — Charmian, is this well done?

Charmian. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dolabella. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dolabella. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and all his Train, marching*

Dolabella. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæsar. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes and, being royal,
Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dolabella. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæsar. Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

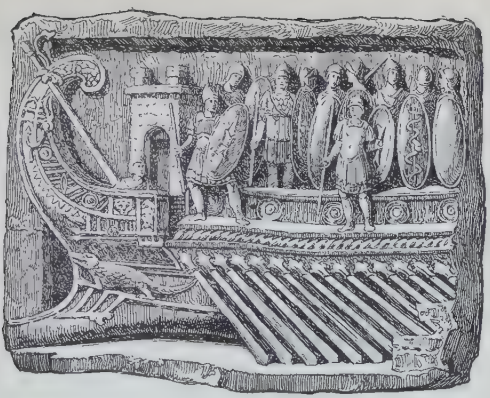
Cæsar. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dolabella. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown;
The like is on her arm.

1. *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail, and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæsar. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony;
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES



PROW OF ROMAN GALLEY

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the second line of the present play, "O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables

(1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in i. 1. 8: "The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *temper*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. In ii. 3. 4 ("To them for you. Good night, sir. — My Octavia") we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the second syllable of *Octavia*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in i. 1. 1: "Nay, but this dotage of our general's," and i. 1. 11: "Take but good note, and you shall see in him." In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in i. 1, 15 and 20. In 15 the second syllable of *beggary* is superfluous, and in 20 that of *Fulvia*. In line 59 (a female line) the word *am* is superfluous.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 1 and 32. In 1 the last syllable of *general's*, and in 32 that of *messengers*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the third syllable of *punishment* in 39, of *qualities* in 54, and of *Antony* in 57.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play, i. 2. 97 ("Extended Asia from Euphrates") appears to have only nine syllables, but *Asia* is a trisyllable; and *Octavia* (generally a trisyllable) is a quadrisyllable in ii. 5. 60: "Madam, he's married to Octavia." This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line, but there are few instances of it in this play.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *more*, *your*, etc. If the word is repeated in a verse, it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in ii. 5. 27: "Thou kill'st thy mistress [mist(e)ress]; but well and free"; v. 1. 2: "Being so frustrate [frust(e)rate], tell him he mocks"; *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *A. W.*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 442; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance, horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess, sense, marriage* (plural and possessive), *targes* (see note on ii. 6. 39), etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *cold'st, stern'st, kind'st, secret'st*, etc.) and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cóndemn'd* (see note on i. 3. 49) and *condémn'd*, *récord* and *recórd* (noun; see on iv. 9. 8), *máture* and *matúre*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *dístinct* and *distinct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct* (see on i. 5. 24), *impórtune* (see on iv. 15. 19), *Éuphrates* (see on i. 2. 97), *sepúlchre* (verb), *persév* (never *persevére*), *persíverance, rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays; as i. 1. 29 and 31, i. 3. 63, ii. 1. 16, etc. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 19, 25, i. 2. 83, 84, 106, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in the *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Richard II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* there are only about 40, in the *Temp.* only two, and in the *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter

not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of some 2600 ten-syllable verses, only 34 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In the *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.* we also find a few lines, but none at all in this and subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags"; but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In this play only 4 out of 42 have them. The *Temp.* has but one, and the *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *glow'd*, line 4, *transform'd*, line 12, *belov'd*, line 16, etc., of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *entertained*, ii. 1. 46, where the word is a quadrisyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. This play has scenes entirely in verse, and others in which verse and prose are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of the *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in the *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately

speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of the *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of*

Shakespeare (1898; for ordinary students, the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; not a mere juvenile book, but useful for reference concerning the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

Abbreviations in the Notes. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to

The Passionate Pilgrim; V. and A. to *Venus and Adonis; L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint;* and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets.*

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

The Historical Sources of the Play. — The following are the chief passages in North's *Plutarch* which illustrate the play: —

Act I. *Scene IV.* — "Cicero on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius: so that in the end he made the senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a Consul or Prætor: and, moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle: but both the Consuls were slain there.

"Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity: and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity, knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do: but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and mislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their

accustomed easy life, and through faint heart, and lack of courage, do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers, to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and moreover, it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps, they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before. . . .

"Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any: and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight, and made it worse than before. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. The messenger sent unto Cleopatra, to make this summons unto her, was called Dellius; who when he had throughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself, that within few days she should be in great favour with him. Thereupon he did her great honour, and persuaded her to come into Cilicia, as honourably furnished as she could possible; and bad her not to be afraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous lord than any that she had ever seen. Cleopatra on the other side, believing Dellius' words, and guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Cæsar and C. Pompey (the son of Pompey the Great) only for her beauty, she began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant: but now she went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So she furnished herself with a world

of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace.

Act II. *Scene II.* — "Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, howboys,[1] cithernes,[2] viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her self, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them, were apparelled like the nymphs Nereids (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered[3] with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side: others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post[4] alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience: and there went a rumour in the people's

[1] hautboys. In 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 351 (the only instance of the word in S.) the folio has "hoeboy."
[2] guitars.
[3] crowded. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 7.
[4] posted.

mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to shew himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. . . .

"Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Cæsar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the king's lieutenants had given to the only [1] leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia, ready to invade Syria; yet (as though all this had nothing touched him) he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend (as Antiphon saith), and that is, time. For they made an order between them, which they called *Amimetobion* (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it), one feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report, that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things), to shew him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said: 'Sure you have a great number of guests to supper.' The cook fell a-laughing, and answered him: 'No,' quoth he, 'not many guests, nor above twelve in all: but yet all that is boiled

[1] sole.

or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight; for Antonius peradventure will sup presently or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to-day, or else hath had some other great matters in hand: and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in.' . . .

ACT I. *Scene I.* — "But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery: but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying very gallantly and wisely: 'that Antonius shewed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance: and the Romans a tragical face, to say, a grim look.'

ACT II. *Scene V.* — But to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, revelling in this sort, it were too fond[1] a part of me, and therefore I will only tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook

[1] foolish.

which they had taken before: and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found[1] it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing: but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bad them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently.[2] Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra laughing also, said unto him: 'Leave us, my lord, Egyptians (which dwell in the country of Pharus and Canobus) your angling-rod: this is not thy profession, thou must hunt after conquering of realms and countries.'

Act I. *Scene II.*—"Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news, as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates and from Syria unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius with much ado a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia: but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred sail: and as he went,

[1] discovered. [2] at once. Cf. ii. 2. 160, iii. 4. 15, etc. below.

took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war: who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra.

Act II. *Scene II.* — "But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easilier made friends again. For when Antonius landed in Italy, and that men saw Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia; the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Africa unto Lepidus: and made a law, that they three, one after another, should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter [1] bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported, that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. For he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, neither did he confess that he had her as his wife: and so with reason he did defend the love he bare unto this Egyptian Cleopatra. Thereupon every man did set forward this mar-

[1] stricter.

riage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserveth) she should be a good mean[1] to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So when Cæsar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome about this marriage, although it was against the law that a widow should be married within ten months after her husband's death. Howbeit the senate dispensed with the law, and so the marriage proceeded accordingly.

Act II. *Scenes VI and VII.* — "Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made inroads into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirates' ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia, and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea: Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore-side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal, that he should send a certain[2] of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts[3] who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him: 'And where shall we sup?' 'There,' said Pompey; and shewed him his admiral galley which had six banks of oars: 'that,' said he, 'is my father's house they have left me.' He spake it to

[1] means. See *R. and J.* iii. 3. 45, etc. [2] a certain quantity.
[3] lots. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 422: "We'll draw cuts for the senior."

taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow[1] into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear, said unto him: 'Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides?' Pompey, having paused a while upon it, at length answered him: 'Thou shouldest have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor.' The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily.

Act II. *Scene III.*—"Antonius, after this agreement made, sent Ventidius before into Asia to stay the Parthians, and to keep them they should come no further: and he himself in the mean time, to gratify Cæsar, was contented to be chosen Julius Cæsar's priest and sacrificer, and so they jointly together dispatched all great matters concerning the state of the empire. But in all other manner of sports and exercises, wherein they passed the time away the one with the other, Antonius was ever inferior unto Cæsar, and alway lost, which grieved him much. With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. 'For thy demon,' said he (that is to say, the

[1] enough. Cf. i. 4. 11 below.

good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), 'is afraid of his: and being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other.' Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome. . . .

Act III. *Scene I.* — "In the meantime, Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria: at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus: and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius' displeasure by it. Notwithstanding, he led his army against them that had rebelled, and conquered them again: amongst whom he besieged Antiochus king of Commagena, who offered him to give a thousand talents to be pardoned his rebellion, and promised ever after to be at Antonius' commandment. But Ventidius made him answer, that he should send unto Antonius; who was not far off, and would not suffer Ventidius to make any peace with Antiochus, to the end that yet this little exploit should pass in his name, and that they should not think he did anything but by his lieutenant Ventidius. The siege grew very long, because they that were in the town, seeing they could not be received upon no reasonable composition, determined valiantly to defend themselves to the last man. Thus Antonius did nothing, and yet received great shame,

repenting him much that he took not their first offer. And yet at the last he was glad to make truce with Antiochus, and to take three hundred talents for composition. Thus after he had set order for the state and affairs of Syria, he returned again to Athens: and having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome, to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family: who only came to that he attained unto, through Antonius' friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that they were alway more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sossius, one of Antonius' lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service: and Canidius, whom he had also left his lieutenant in the borders of Armenia, did conquer it all. So did he also overcome the kings of the Iberians and Albanians, and went on with his conquests unto mount Caucasus. By these conquests the fame of Antonius' power increased more and more, and grew dreadful unto all the barbarous nations.

Act III. *Scene IV.* — "But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar, upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail. And because those of Brundusium would not receive his army into their haven, he went farther unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. Octavia at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and with all the instance[1] she could possible, intreated them

[1] urgency.

they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunatest creature of all other. 'For now,' said she, 'every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other. And if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid) and that they grow to wars: for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow. But for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still.' . . .

"When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antonius' house, and to dwell by herself, because he had abused[1] her. Octavia answered him again, that she would not forsake her husband's house, and that if he had no other occasion to make war with him, she prayed him then to take no thought for her: 'For,' said she, 'it were too shameful a thing, that two so famous captains should bring in civil wars among the Romans, the one for the love of a woman, and the other for the jealousy betwixt one another.' Now as she spake the word, so did she also perform the deed: for she kept still in Antonius' house, as if he had been there, and very honestly and honourably kept his children, not only those she had by him, but the other which her husband had by Fulvia. Furthermore, when Antonius sent any of his men to Rome, to sue for any office in the commonwealth, she received them very courteously, and so used herself unto her brother, that she obtained the things she requested.

ACT III. *Scene VI.* — "Howbeit thereby, thinking no hurt, she did Antonius great hurt. For her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a lady: but the greatest cause of their malice unto him was for the division of lands he made among his children in the city of Alexandria. And, to confess a troth,[2] it was too

[1] deceived. See *Much Ado*, v. 2, 100, etc.

[2] truth. See *M. N. D.* ii. 2, 36, etc.

arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans. For he assembled all the people in the showplace, where young men do exercise themselves, and there, upon a high tribunal silvered, he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria; and at that time also Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy for his portion Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown after the fashion of the Medes with a high cop-tank [1] hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them: and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time (but at all other times else when she came abroad) the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects, as a new Isis.

"Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius on the other side sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and

[1] conical. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 69: "a copatain hat" (one with a high crown).

the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these. First, that having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle. Secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war. Thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate[1] out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof, which had been assigned unto him for his part. And last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again: that for[2] Lepidus, he had indeed deposed him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over cruelly use his authority. And secondly, for[2] the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia. And thirdly, that for[2] his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain. . . .

Act III. *Scene VII.* — "Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons: and that they, that should make war with them, should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bed-chamber, that frizzled her hair, and dressed her head) and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius' empire.

Act IV. *Scene XII.* — "Before this war, as it is reported, many signs and wonders fell out. . . . The admiral-galley of Cleopatra

[1] *sic; for* triumvir. [2] as for. Cf. iii. 13. 51, below.

was called *Antoniad*, in the which there chanced a marvellous ill sign: swallows had bred under the poop of her ship, and there came others after them that drave away the first, and plucked down their nests.

Act III. *Scene VI.* — "Now when all things were ready, and that they drew near to fight, it was found, that Antonius had no less than 500 good ships of war, among which there were many galleys that had eight and ten banks of oars, the which were sumptuously furnished, not so meet for fight as for triumph: an hundred thousand footmen, and 12,000 horsemen; and had with him to aid him these kings and subjects following: Bocchus king of Lybia, Tarcondemus king of high Cilicia, Archelaus king of Cappadocia, Philadelphus king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates king of Comagena, and Adallas king of Thracia. All which were there, every man in person. The residue that were absent, sent their armies: as Polemon, king of Pont, Manchus king of Arabia, Herodes king of Jewry; and furthermore Amyntas king of Lycaonia and of the Galatians: and besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Medes sent unto him. Now for Cæsar, he had 250 ships of war, 80,000 footmen, and well near as many horsemen as his enemy Antonius. Antonius for his part had all under his dominion from Armenia and the river of Euphrates, unto the sea Ionium and Illyricum. Octavius Cæsar had also, for his part, all that which was in our hemisphere or half-part of the world, from Illyria unto the ocean sea upon the west: then all from the ocean unto *mare Siculum*: and from Africa, all that which is against Italy, as Gaul and Spain. Furthermore, all, from the province of Cyrenia to Ethiopia, was subject unto Antonius.

Act III. *Scene VII.* — "Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea: though he saw before his eyes, that for lack of water-men his captains did prest[1] by force all sorts of men out of Greece that

[1] impress.

they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys: so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough. But on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery,[1] but they were light of yarage,[2] armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundusium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius, to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy: and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble; and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius on the other side bravely sent him word again and challenged the combat of him man for man, though he were the elder; and that if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before. Now whilst Antonius rode at anchor, lying idly in harbour at the head of Actium, in the place where the city of Nicopolis standeth at this present, Cæsar had quickly passed the sea *Ionium*, and taken a place called Toryne, before Antonius understood that he had taken ship. . . .

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but three score ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two and twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut: who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said: 'O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that

1 show. Cf. *Ham.* p. 270.

2 management. Cf. *yare* in iii. 7. 35, etc., below.

you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer or to be slain on our feet.' Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself. . . .

ACT III. *Scene X.* — "Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both; when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts and hoising[1] sail to fly. So they fled through the middest[2] of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships. For the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius shewed plainly, that he had not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, that the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not in his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, imbarked upon a galley with five banks of oars, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction. . . .

ACT III. *Scene XI.* — "Then Antonius sent unto Canidius, to return with his army into Asia by Macedon. Now for himself, he determined to cross over into Africa, and took one of his carects[3]

[1] hoisting. See *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 529.

[2] midst. The early eds. have *middest* in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 8. 64.

[3] ships of burden. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 140: "whole armadoes of caracks."

or hulks loden[1] with gold and silver, and other rich carriage,[2] and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart; and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place, until they had made their way and peace with Cæsar. . . .

"But now to return to Antonius again. Canidius himself came to bring him news, that he had lost all his army by land at Actium: on the other side he was advertised also, that Herodes king of Jurie, who had also certain legions and bands with him, was revolted unto Cæsar, and all the other kings in like manner: so that, saving those that were about him, he had none left him. All this notwithstanding did nothing trouble him: and it seemed that he was contented to forgo all his hope, and so to be rid of all his cares and troubles. Thereupon he left his solitary house he had built by the sea, which he called *Timoneon*, and Cleopatra received him into her royal palace. He was no sooner come thither, but he straight set all the city on rioting and banqueting again, and himself to liberality and gifts. He caused the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra to be enrolled (according to the manner of the Romans) amongst the number of young men: and gave Antyllus, his eldest son he had by Fulvia, the man's gown, the which was a plain gown without gard[3] or embroderie, of purple. For these things, there was kept great feasting, banqueting and dancing in Alexandria many days together. . . .

Act V. *Scene II.* — "Cleopatra in the meantime was very careful[4] in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now to make proof of those poisons which made men die with

[1] laden. S. uses *loaden* interchangeably with *laden*.
[2] stores. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 3 and *M. W.* ii. 2. 179.
[3] edging.
[4] industrious.

least pain, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. For when she saw the poisons that were sudden and vehement, and brought speedy death with grievous torments; and in contrary manner, that such as were more mild and gentle had not that quick speed and force to make one die suddenly: she afterwards went about to prove[1] the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applied unto men in her sight, some in one sort, some in another. So when she had daily made divers and sundry proofs, she found none of them all she had proved so fit as the biting of an aspick, the which causeth only a heaviness of the head, without swooning or complaining, and bringeth a great desire also to sleep, with a little sweat in the face; and so by little and little taketh away the senses and vital powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any pain. For they are so sorry when any body awaketh them and taketh them up, as those that be taken out of a sound sleep are very heavy and desirous to sleep.

Act III. *Scene XII.*—"This notwithstanding, they sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. For Alexas Laodicean, who was brought into Antonius' house and favour by means of Timagenes, and afterwards was in greater credit with him than any other Grecian (for that he had ever been one of Cleopatra's ministers to win Antonius, and to overthrow all his good determinations to use his wife Octavia well): him Antonius had sent unto Herodes king of Jurie, hoping still to keep him his friend, that he should not revolt from him. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from

[1] test. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 38, etc.

revolting from him, he persuaded him to turn to Cæsar: and trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Cæsar's presence. Howbeit Herodes did him no pleasure, for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chains to his own country, and there by Cæsar's commandment put to death. Thus was Alexas, in Antonius' life-time, put to death for betraying of him. Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests: but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country.

Act III. *Scene XIII.* — "Therewithal he sent Thyreus one of his men unto her, a very wise and discreet man: who bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that besides greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour: insomuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well-favouredly[1] whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar: and bad him tell him, that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now specially, when he was easy to be angered, by reason of his present misery. 'To be short, if this mislike thee,' said he, 'thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance.' From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him then ever she did. For first of all, where[2] she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence: so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich. Now things passing thus, Agrippa by divers letters sent one after

[1] soundly. [2] whereas. See *Lear*, i. 2. 89, etc.

another unto Cæsar, prayed him to return to Rome, because the affairs there did of necessity require his person and presence. Thereupon he did defer the war till the next year following: but when winter was done, he returned again through Syria by the coast of Africa, to make wars against Antonius and his other captains. When the city of Pelusium was taken, there ran a rumour in the city, that Seleucus (by Cleopatra's consent) had surrendered the same. But to clear herself that she did not, Cleopatra brought Seleucus' wife and children unto Antonius, to be revenged of them at his pleasure. Furthermore, Cleopatra had long before made many sumptuous tombs and monuments, as well for excellency of workmanship, as for height and greatness of building, joining hard to the temple of Isis. Thither she caused to be brought all the treasure and precious things she had of the ancient kings her predecessors: as gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, and besides all that, a marvellous number of torches, faggots, and flax. So Octavius Cæsar, being afraid to lose such a treasure and mass of riches, and that this woman for spite would set it on fire and burn it every whit, he always sent some one or other unto her from him, to put her in good comfort, whilst he in the meantime drew near the city with his army. So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city, in the place where they run and manage their horses.

Act IV. *Scene I.* — "Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and headpiece of clean[1] gold: howbeit the man-at-arms, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night and went

[1] pure.

to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, 'That he had many other ways to die than so.'

ACT IV. *Scene II.* — "Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest,[1] both by sea and land. So being at supper (as it is reported) he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board, that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could: 'For,' said he, 'you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body.' This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, 'that he would not lead them to battle, where he thought not rather safely to return with victory, than valiantly to die with honour.'

ACT IV. *Scene III.* — "Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs: and it seemed, that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe, that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them.

ACT IV. *Scene X.* — "The next morning by break of day, he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining

[1] make a stand. See *R. and J.* v. 3. 110, etc.

unto the city: and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of the enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploits his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men; and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one: and then did altogether row toward the city.

Act IV. *Scenes XII and XIII.* — "When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which he had caused to be made, and there she locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius believing it, said unto himself: 'What doest thou look for further, Antonius, sith[1] spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?' When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked[2] said thus: 'O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman.'

Act IV. *Scene XIV.* — "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him, that he should kill him when he did command him: and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man, drawing his sword, lift[3] it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then

[1] since. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 12, etc.
[2] without arms. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 258, etc.
[3] lifted. Cf. *Genesis*, vii. 17, xiv. 22, etc.

said Antonius: 'O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to myself, which thou couldest not do for me.' Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently,[1] for the blood stinted[2] a little when he was laid: and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out, tormenting himself: until at last there came a secretary unto him (called Diomedes) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument.

Act IV. *Scene XV.*—"Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed[3]: and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised[4] Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death: who holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up: but Cleopatra, stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bad her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had bewrayed[5] his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and

[1] at once. [2] ceased. [3] wound. [4] drew.
[5] berayed, disfigured. Cf. *rayed* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 54 and iv. 1. 3.

emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded her, that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour: and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar. And as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days: but rather that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received; considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world; and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.

Act V. *Scene I.* — "As Antonius gave the last gasp, Proculeius came that was sent from Cæsar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard (called Dercetæus) took his sword with which he had stricken himself, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and shewed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar hearing this news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends and shewed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their q̃uarrel and strife: and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him.

Act V. *Scene II.* — "After this, he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her

alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For Proculeius came to the gates that were thick and strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some cranewes[1] through the which her voice might be heard; and so they without understood, that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons: and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bad him purposely hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was trised[2] up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of the women which was shut up in her monuments with her, saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and skreeked[3] out: 'O poor Cleopatra, thou art taken.' Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself in with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, said unto her: 'Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to shew his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach[4] him, as though he were a cruel and merciless man, that were not to be trusted.' So even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her. . . .

"Shortly after, Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. Cleopatra, being laid upon a little low bed in poor

[1] crannies. [2] drawn. See p. 205, above. [3] shrieked.
[4] impeach, accuse. See *Rich. II.* v. 2. 79, 102, etc.

estate (when she saw Cæsar come into her chamber), suddenly rose up, naked in her smock, and fell down at his feet marvellously disfigured: both for that she had plucked her hair from her head, as also for that she had martyred all her face with her nails; and besides, her voice was small and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbering;[1] and moreover, they might see the most part of her stomach torn in sunder. To be short, her body was not much better than her mind: yet her good grace and comeliness and the force of her beauty was not altogether defaced. But notwithstanding this ugly and pitiful state of hers, yet she shewed herself within, by her outward looks and countenance. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius: Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length, she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well-favouredly.[2] Cæsar fell a-laughing and parted the fray. 'Alas,' said she, 'O Cæsar: is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff[3] creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable state: and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself

[1] crying. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 87.
[2] beat him soundly. Cf. p. 201, above.
[3] wretched. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 109, etc.

withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that they, making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me.' Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself. There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no ill will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly (as she had requested him) that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Cæsar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead unto the soul of Antonius. This being granted her, she was carried to the place where his tomb was, and there falling down on her knees, embracing the tomb with her women, the tears running down her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: 'O my dear lord Antonius, it is not long sithence[1] I buried thee here, being a free woman: and now I offer unto thee the funeral sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner; and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with blows, which they carefully guard and keep only to triumph of thee: look therefore henceforth for no other honours, offerings, nor sacrifices from me: for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, sith now they carry her away. Whilst we lived together, nothing could sever our companies: but now, at our death, I fear me they will make us change our countries. For as thou, being a Roman, hast been buried in Egypt: even so, wretched creature, I, an Egyptian, shall be buried in Italy, which shall be all

[1] since. See *Cor.* iii. 1. 47.

the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power and authority, sith our gods here have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be carried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee: but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one self[1] tomb with thee. For though my griefs and miseries be infinite, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could less bear withal, than this small time which I have been driven to live alone without thee.'

"Then having ended these doleful plaints, and crowned the tomb with garlands and sundry nosegays, and marvellous lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath; and when she had bathed and washed herself, she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded[2] at the gates, asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them and bad them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bad him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table[3] written and sealed unto Caesar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he had received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit, he sent one before in all haste that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sudden: for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark-dead, laid upon a bed of gold,

[1] same. Often used by S. as an adjective. [2] watched.
[3] tablet, letter. See *Cymb.* iii. 2. 39, etc.

attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman (called Charmion) half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmion?' 'Very well,' said she again, 'and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings:' she said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspick was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspick should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs, she perceived it, and said, 'Art thou here, then?' And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspick to be bitten. Others say again, she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspick, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit few can tell the troth.[1] For they report also, that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen on her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb: but it was reported only, that there was seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone, on the tomb-side toward the sea, and specially by the door-side. Some say also that they found two little pretty[2] bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspick biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius: and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."

[1] truth. See p. 193 above. [2] minute. Cf. v. 2. 243 below.

ACT I

SCENE I.—4. *Plated.* Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 28: "Thus plated in habiliments of war."

5. *Office.* Service; as often.

6. *A tawny front.* Tennyson refers to her in *A Dream of Fair Women*, as a "queen, with swarthy cheeks," and some critics have supposed that he forgot she was of pure Greek blood, being the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus; but in a letter to me he called attention to "the polish'd argent of her breast" in another stanza of the same poem. He says that he described her, as S. does in i. 5. 19, as "with Phœbus' amorous pinches black," not as a half-African.

8. *Reneges.* Denies, disclaims; as in *Lear*, ii. 2. 84: "Renege, affirm," etc. Coleridge would spell the word "reneagues," as it was pronounced. The quartos of *Lear* have "Reneag."

10. *To cool.* Johnson, not seeing that the *bellows* and the *fan* were both meant to *cool*, would read "To kindle and to cool a gypsy's lust." Malone quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 30: —

> "An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
> Continually, and cooling breath inspyre."

For the contemptuous use of *gypsy*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 44: "Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy." See also iv. 12. 28 below.

12. *Triple.* Third; as one of the triumvirate. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 111: —

> "Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
> And of his old experience the only darling,
> He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
> Safer than mine own two, more dear."

15. *There's beggary*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 6. 32: "They are but beggars who can count their worth." Cf. Ovid, *Met.* xiii.. "Pauperis est numerare pecus" (it is the poor man who counts his

herd), which Golding translates: "Tush! beggars of their cattel use the numbers for to know."

17. *Then must thou needs*, etc. "Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords" (Johnson).

18. *Grates me; the sum.* It grates upon my ear, it vexes me; so be brief. The 2d folio has "Rate me, the summe;" and Rowe reads "Rate me the sum."

19. *Them.* S. makes *news* both singular and plural. Cf. iii. 7. 51 below: "The news is true."

23. *Take in.* Take, subdue; as in *Cor.* i. 2. 24: "To take in many towns," etc.

28. *Process.* Summons; the legal sense of the word. Malone quotes Minsheu, *Dict.* 1617: "The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *processe*, by which a man is called into the court and no more."

31. *Homager.* Vassal; the only instance of the word in S.

34. *Rang'd.* Well ordered. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 206: —

> "To bring the roof to the foundation,
> And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
> In heaps and piles of ruin."

35. *Our dungy earth.* Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 157: "the whole dungy earth." See on v. 2. 7 below.

39. *To weet.* To wit, to know. Elsewhere in the early eds. the spelling is "wit;" as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 90, *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 57, etc.

43. *But stirr'd by Cleopatra.* But influenced or inspired by Cleopatra.

44. *Love.* The goddess of love, or Venus. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 52: "Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink."

45. *Confound.* Consume, spend; as in i. 4. 28 below. Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 17: "How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour?"

53. *We'll wander through the streets.* Cf. extract from North, p. 186 above.

60. *That he approves*, etc. "That he proves the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter" (Malone). Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 79: "approve it with a text," etc.

61. *Hope of.* Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 1: "So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?" etc.

SCENE II. — The stage-direction in the folio is "*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas;*" but Lamprius, Rannius, and Lucillius take no part in the dialogue. Perhaps, as Steevens suggests, they may have been in it as it was first written by S., and their names were accidentally left here after their speeches had been struck out. It is not the only instance of the kind in S.

1. *Lamprias*, or *Lampryas*, is mentioned by Plutarch. See p. 185 above.

4. *Charge.* The folios have "change;" corrected by Theobald. Some retain "change," making it = vary, give a different appearance to.

23. *Heat my liver.* Cf *M. of V.* i. 1. 81: "And let my liver rather heat with wine," etc. For the liver as the seat of love, cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 233: "If ever love had interest in his liver," etc.

25. *Good now.* A not uncommon vocative construction. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 22, *W. T.* v. 1. 19, etc. See also i. 3. 78 below.

27. *Herod.* Cf. iii. 3. 3, iii. 6. 73, and iv. 6. 14 below. Herod was a familiar character in the mysteries of the early stage, on which he was represented as "a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant." Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 16: "it out-herods Herod, etc." Charmian's wish is therefore "for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke."

31. *I love long life better than figs.* A proverbial expression.

34. *Belike.* It is likely, I suppose. Johnson explains the speech thus: "If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose I shall never name children, that is, I am never to be mar-

ried. However, tell me the truth, tell me, 'how many boys and wenches?'" Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 321.

36. *Fertile.* The folios have "foretell" or "foretel;" corrected by Theobald (the conjecture of Warburton).

37. *I forgive thee for a witch.* Alluding to the proverb, "You 'll never be burnt for a witch." Herford explains it "as being a wizard, and hence privileged to utter home-truths."

49. *An oily palm*, etc. Malone compares *Oth.* iii. 4. 36: —

> "This hand is moist, my lady. . . .
> This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart."

51. *Worky-day.* Ordinary, common. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 12: "this working-day world."

60. *Alexas, — come*, etc. In the folio this is printed as if it were the speech of Alexas: "*Alexas.* Come, his Fortune," etc. Theobald was the first to suggest the correction, which is required by the sense, and is, moreover, confirmed (though I am not aware that this has been noted) by the fact that elsewhere the prefix to the speeches of Alexas is the abbreviation "*Alex.*" In the folio the proper names *in the text* are generally in italics, and this one was somehow mistaken for the prefix to a speech.

65. *Hear me this prayer.* Cf. v. 1. 51 below: "We 'll hear him what he says," etc.

88. *Jointing.* Joining; used by S. only here and in *Cymb.* v. 4. 142 and v. 5. 440.

90. *Drave.* For the form, cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 190, *R. and J.* i. 1. 127, etc. *Drove* is the more common form of the past tense in S. For the participle he has *driven*, except in iv. 7. 5 below (*droven*) and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 84 (*drove*, which Schmidt thinks may be the past tense). For *drave*, cf. *Joshua*, xvi. 10, xxiv. 12, etc.

95. *As.* As if. Cf. iv. 1. 1 below.

97. *Extended.* Seized upon; a legal use of the word. Cf. *extent* = seizure in *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 17. Steevens quotes Massinger, *New Way to Pay Old Debts:* "This manor is extended to my use,"

Asia is here a trisyllable; and *Euphrates* (the only instance of the word in S.) is accented on the first syllable, as by other writers of the time. Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, 21: "That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates."

101. *Home.* Without reserve or "mincing." Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 166: "He speaks home," etc.

106. *Minds.* The folios have "windes" or "winds," which some retain as "a figurative image for the brisk, wholesomely searching winds that make the earth duly fruitful instead of letting it lie stagnant and overgrown with idle weeds; as well as for the wholesomely rough breath of public censure and private candour which prevent the growth of moral weeds, and allow good fruits to spring up."

107. *Earing.* Tilling, ploughing. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 47: "He that ears my land spares my team," etc. See also i. 2. 105 below; and cf. *Deuteronomy*, xxi. 4, *Isaiah*, xxx. 24, etc. Warburton paraphrases the passage thus: "While the active principle within us lies immerged in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

111. *Stays upon your will.* Cf. *Mach.* i. 3. 148: "we stay upon your leisure;" *Ham.* iii. 2. 112: "they stay upon your patience," etc.

119. *Contempt doth.* The 1st folio has "contempts doth," the 2d "contempts do"; but it is more likely that *contempt* was misprinted *contempts* than that *do* was made *doth*. Possibly S. wrote "contempts doth." Cf. *R. and J.*, prol. 8. Abbott (*Grammar*, 334) calls it "the 3d person plural in *-th*." *Hath* often occurs with a plural subject.

121. *By revolution lowering.* Decreasing with the lapse of time. Johnson sees an allusion to "the sun's diurnal course;" but it seems to be rather to the turning of a wheel, probably suggested by the familiar "wheel of Fortune." Cf. iv. 15. 44 below.

Steevens paraphrases it thus: "The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain."

123. *Could.* Could willingly, would fain.

138. *Upon far poorer moment.* For less reason, or for a matter of less moment.

144. *Call her winds and waters sighs and tears.* "Dignify her expenditure of air and water by the name of sighs and tears." Malone was at first inclined to read "call her sighs and tears winds and waters," but finally decided that the text is as S. wrote it. Of course, Enobarbus means just what he says, and there is a humour in it which Malone appears to have missed.

158. *When it pleaseth,* etc. "When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another" (Malone).

165. *The tears live in an onion,* etc. Cf. *onion-eyed* in iv. 2. 35 below; also *T. of S.* ind. 1. 126 and *A. W.* v. 3. 321.

171. *Your abode.* Your abiding or remaining here. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 53: —

> "Beseech you, sir, desire
> My man's abode where I did leave him;"

that is, ask him to stay there.

174. *Expedience.* Expedition; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 33: "In forwarding this dear expedience." Elsewhere it is = haste; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 287 and *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 70.

175. *Part.* Depart; as often. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 394: "We will not part from hence," etc.

176. *More urgent touches.* "Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 135: —

> "a touch more rare
> Subdues all pangs, all fears."

178. *Many our contriving friends.* Many friends who are busy in our interests. For the order, cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 11: "many my near occasions."

179. *Petition us at home.* Are calling for our presence at home.

180. *Dare.* Defiance; again used as a noun (= daring, boldness) in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 78: "A larger dare to our great enterprise."

183. *To throw*, etc. That is, to transfer his name and honours to his son.

187. *Quality.* Disposition, character. Cf. i. 1. 54 above.

188. *The sides o' the world.* The expression occurs again in *Cymb.* iii. 1. 51. *Danger* is not elsewhere used by S. as a verb.

189. *The courser's hair.* Alluding to the old notion, still current in some places among children and the illiterate, that a horse-hair put into water will turn into a worm or snake.

191. *Such whose.* For the relative after *such*, cf. i. 4. 28 below.

SCENE III. — 1. *I did not see him since.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc.

3. *I did not send you.* "You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge" (Johnson). Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 2. 72: —

> "I will go meet them; and, my lord Æneas,
> We met by chance, you did not find me here."

8. *I do not?* The ellipsis of the relative is common.

10. *The way to lose him.* That is, *it is* the way.

11. *I wish.* Apparently used like "I pray," etc.

16. *The sides of nature*, etc. Steevens quotes *T. N.* ii. 4. 96: —

> "There is no woman's sides
> Can bide the beating of so strong a passion."

28. *Though you in swearing*, etc. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 137: —

> "Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear
> Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
> The immortal gods that hear you."

32. *Colour.* Pretext; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 178:—

> "Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
> For 't was indeed his colour," etc.

35. *Eternity was in our lips*, etc. A taunting repetition of what Antony had formerly said of her.

36. *In our brows' bent.* Steevens quotes *K. John*, iv. 2. 90: "Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?"

37. *Was a race of heaven.* Was of heavenly origin. Some make it = "had a smack or flavour of heaven."

44. *In use.* In trust; a legal term. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 383:—

> "I am content, so he will let me have
> The other half in use, to render it,
> Upon his death, unto the gentleman
> That lately stole his daughter."

46. *Port.* Some make this = gate, as in iv. 4. 23 below; but, as Pompey was approaching by sea, the reference is more probably to Ostia, the harbour of Rome. If it had the other meaning, we should expect the plural, as in *Cor.* v. 6. 6.

48. *Breed.* Probably an instance of "confusion of proximity."

49. *Condemn'd.* Accented on the first syllable because coming before the noun.

51. *Thriv'd.* The only instance of the participle in S. We find the past tense *thriv'd* in *Per.* v. 2. 9.

53. *Would purge.* Would be cured. Cf. the transitive use in *W. T.* iv. 4. 790, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 153, *Macb.* v. 3. 52, etc.

54. *Particular.* Private concern. For the use of *more*, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 34: "a more requital," etc.

55. *Safe.* Render safe; used as a verb by S. only here and in iv. 6. 26 below.

58. *It does from childishness.* That is, from being so childish as to believe you. She does not believe at first that Fulvia is really dead. Malone explains it: "I am not so childish as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more;" which seems a very

childish interpretation. The reply of Antony clearly favours the other.

61. *Garboils.* Disturbances, turmoils, "tantrums." The only other instance of the word in S. is ii. 2. 67 below. Steevens quotes Stanyhurst, *Æneid*, 1582: "Now manhood and garboils I chaunt and martial horror."

At the last, best. This has been variously interpreted, but probably refers to the last part of the letter, or that giving the good news of Fulvia's death. This explanation is confirmed by Cleopatra's reply. Steevens calls it a "conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia," and compares Malcolm's eulogium on the thane of Cawdor, *Macb.* i. 4. 7: —

> "nothing in his life
> Became him like the leaving of it."

Boswell says: "Surely it means her death was the best thing I have known of her, as it checked her *garboils*."

63. *Vials.* "Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend" (Johnson). Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 5. 4: "Sacred vials fill'd with tears."

68. *The fire*, etc. That is, the sun.

71. *Affect'st.* Pleasest, likest. The 1st folio has "affects," a not uncommon contraction of such forms.

73. *So Antony loves.* Some editors make this = *thus* (that is, in this uncertain, fickle way) Antony loves; but I think that *so* = if: I am quickly ill, — and as quickly well again if Antony only loves me. For *so*, cf. ii. 5. 94 below. The reply of Antony is consistent with either interpretation.

78. *Good now.* See on i. 2. 25 above. For *Egypt* = queen of Egypt, cf. 41 above, and i. 5. 34, iii. 11. 51, 56, etc., below.

81. *Meetly.* Well; the only instance of the word in S.

84. *Herculean.* Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules. Cf. iv. 12. 44 below.

85. *The carriage of his chafe.* His *chafed* or angry bearing. The noun *chafe* is used by S. only here; but cf. the verb in *Cor.* iii. 3. 27, *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 123, iii. 2. 206, etc. For *carriage*, cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 14: "Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint," etc.

90. *O, my oblivion is a very Antony*, etc., "O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous as Antony is, and I forget every thing" (Steevens). For *oblivion* = forgetfulness in this subjective sense, cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 40: "Bestial oblivion," etc. For *forgotten*, cf. our use of *mistaken*. Here there is probably a play upon the double sense of the word.

91. *But that your royalty*, etc. But that your sovereignty can make frivolousness subservient to your purpose, I should take you for frivolousness itself. Warburton explained it: "But that your charms hold me, who am the *greatest* fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest;" and Steevens thus: "but that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself;" but he suggested that it might mean, "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself." Warburton considered that Cleopatra's reply favoured his interpretation (taking *idleness* to refer to Antony, as he had used it); but it may be better explained by mine. Clarke paraphrases the reply thus: "Ah! it is hard work to sustain such trifling so near the heart (or with so much of earnest feeling beneath it) as Cleopatra has carried on this trifling of hers."

96. *My becomings kill me*, etc. The meaning seems to be that she reckons her very graces as her deadly enemies if they do not gain his favour. Steevens thinks there may be an allusion to what Antony has said of her in i. 1. 49 above. S. uses *becoming* as a noun only here and in *Sonn.* 150. 5.

100. *Laurel.* The 2d folio has "Lawrell'd," which many editors prefer.

103. *That thou, residing here*, etc. Steevens remarks that the conceit may have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia* : —

> "She went, they staid ; or, rightly for to say,
> She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

SCENE IV. — 3. *Competitor*. Associate ; as in ii. 7. 74 and v. 1. 42 below.

6. *Ptolemy*. Used, as in 17 below, because the queen belonged to the line of Ptolemies. Cf. iii. 12. 18 below.

9. *The abstract of all faults*. "A microcosm of sinfulness" (Schmidt).

11. *Enow*. The old plural of *enough*. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 24, iv. 1. 29, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 240, iv. 2. 28, etc.

12, 13. *His faults*, etc. The comparison is elliptically expressed, but intelligible enough. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 120 : —

> "One sand another
> Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
> Who died, and was Fidele."

14. *Purchas'd*. Acquired. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 360 : "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling," etc.

20. *Reel the streets*. For the transitive use, cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 9 : "Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels."

22. *As*. Nearly = *for* or *though* ; as in ii. 2. 53 below. *Composure* = composition ; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 251 : "thou art of sweet composure." In the only other instance of the word in S. (*T. and C.* ii. 3. 109, where the folios have "counsel") it is = combination.

24. *Soils*. Stains, blemishes. S. does not use the plural anywhere else.

When we do bear, etc. "When his trifling levity throws so much burden on us" (Johnson). S. is fond of playing on the various senses of *light*.

25. *If he fill'd*, etc. "If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*" (Johnson). *Call on him* = call him to account; or, perhaps, "visit him" (Schmidt).

28. *Confound.* See on i. 1. 45 above; and for *such . . . that*, on i. 2. 191.

31. *Being mature in knowledge.* That is, being old enough to know better. Hanmer reads "who, immature," etc.; but the *experience* and *judgment* that follow imply that the boys are *mature* enough to *know* what is right, though they may not have the manly strength to resist temptation.

33. *Here's more news.* See on i. 1. 21 above. We often, however, find the singular verb before a plural subject.

39. *Discontents.* Malcontents; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 76: "fickle changelings and poor discontents."

40. *Give.* Represent; as in *Cor.* i. 9. 55: "To us that give you truly."

43. *Ebb'd.* That has ebbed, or declined. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 226: "Ebbing men;" and *Lear*, v. 3. 19: —

> "great ones
> That ebb and flow by the moon."

For the form, cf. *forgotten* in i. 3. 91 above.

44. *Comes dear'd.* Becomes endeared. The folios all have "fear'd;" corrected by Theobald (the conjecture of Warburton).

45. *Flag.* The yellow iris, commonly called the "water flag" in the time of S.

46. *Lackeying.* The folios have "lacking;" corrected by Theobald.

49. *Ear.* Plough. See on i. 2. 107 above.

52. *Lack blood to think on 't.* Turn pale at the thought of it. *Flush youth* = youth in its perfection, or ripening to manhood.

56. *Wassails.* Carousals. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 318: "at wakes and wassails," etc.

57. *Modena.* Accented here (the only instance of the word in S.) on the second syllable. Cf. North, p. 182 above.

61. *Suffer.* That is, suffer *with.* The ellipsis of the preposition in relative sentences is common.

62. *Stale.* Urine. *Gilded* = covered with yellow scum.

71. *Lank'd.* Became lank or thin; the only instance of the verb in S. *'T is pity of him* occurs again in *Oth.* ii. 3. 130. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 14, *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 44, etc.

79. *Front.* Face, encounter. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 25: "What well-appointed leader fronts us here?" See also ii. 2. 61 below.

84. *For my bond.* That is, to be my bounden duty.

SCENE V. — 4. *Mandragora.* Mandrake; a soporific. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 330: —

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday;"

and Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, iv. 2: —

> "Come, violent death,
> Serve for mandragora, and make me sleep;"

13. *Wot'st.* Knowest; used by S. only in the present tense and the participle *wotting.* For the latter, see *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.

14. *Demi-Atlas.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 36: "Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight."

15. *Burgonet.* A kind of helmet. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 204: "This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet."

23. *In.* Into; as often.

24. *Anchor his aspect.* Cf. *Sonn.* 137. 6: —

> "If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
> Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride," etc.

Aspect is accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S.

27. *That great medicine.* Alluding to the "grand elixir" of the alchemists. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 102 : —

> "Plutus himself,
> That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
> Hath not in nature's mystery more science
> Than I have in this ring."

34. *Egypt.* See on i. 3. 78 above.

39. *Arm-gaunt.* A puzzle to the critics, who have suggested many emendations: as "arm-girt," "termagant," "war-gaunt," "arrogant," "rampaunt" or "ramping," etc. Various attempts have been made to explain *arm-gaunt*, but I have no doubt that it is a misprint. The poet's word was not improbably "rampaunt," though the article *an* favours "arrogant."

41. *Dumb'd.* The folios have "dumbe" or "dumb;" corrected by Theobald. We find "dumbs" in *Per.* v. prol. 5 : "Deep clerks she dumbs." For the adverbial *beastly*, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 2. 34, *Cymb.* v. 3. 27, etc.

50. *Mingle.* S. uses the noun only here and in iv. 8. 37 below.

53. *Several.* Separate; as often. Cf. 68 and iii. 13. 5 below.

54. *So thick.* In such quick succession. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 97 : —

> "As thick as tale
> Came post with post."

62. *Paragon.* The verb is used in different though related senses in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 230 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 62.

65. *Cold in blood*, etc. The pointing is that of Warburton, and is generally adopted; the folio joins the words to what precedes.

69. *Unpeople Egypt.* By sending out messengers.

ACT II

SCENE I. — 1. *Shall.* Will; as often.

3. *They not deny.* For the transposition of *not*, cf. ii. 2. 35 below.

4. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while.* "The meaning is, while we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value" (Johnson).

10. *My powers are crescent.* For the following *it*, cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 101: —

> "Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
> Washes it off," etc.

21. *Salt.* Wanton, lustful. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 244, iii. 3. 404, etc. *Wan'd* = faded, declined. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 4: —

> "I shall interchange
> My waned state for Henry's regal crown."

The folio has "wand," and some editors read "wann'd." Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 580: "all his visage wann'd."

24. *Epicurean.* Accented on the antepenult, as in other writers of the time. S. uses the word only here and (in prose) in *M. W.* ii. 2. 300.

25. *Cloyless.* Uncloying. Cf. *helpless* = unhelping (*V. and A.* 604, *Rich III.* i. 2. 13, etc.), *sightless* = unseen (*Macb.* i. 7. 23), etc.

26. *Prorogue.* "Linger out, keep in a languishing state" (Schmidt).

27. *Lethe'd.* Oblivious; used by S. only here. For the noun *Lethe*, cf. ii. 7. 112 below.

31. *A space for.* Time long enough for. *Space* is often used of time; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 279: "within which space she died;" *A. W.* ii. 3. 188: "the coming space," etc.

37. *Egypt's widow.* Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.

38. *Hope.* Expect, suppose; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 77: "Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope." Boswell remarks that it was considered a blundering use of the word in the time of Elizabeth, as appears from Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie:* "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner having a great while mistaken him, and

used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, said thus with a certaine rude repentence: I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow! For [I feare me] I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed agood, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his ill-shapen terme."

45. *Pregnant.* Very probable. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 325: "O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!" *Square* = quarrel. Cf. *M. N.D.* ii. 1. 30: "And now they never meet . . . But they do square," etc. So *squarer* = quarreller in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 82.

49. *Yet not know.* Do not yet know. For the transposition, cf. iv. 12. 1 below.

50. *Stands our lives upon.* Behooves us as we value our lives. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 138: "It stands your grace upon to do him right," etc.

SCENE II. — 8. *I would not shave 't.* That is, I would not show him even that degree of respect.

9. *Stomaching.* Giving way to anger or resentment. S. uses the verb only here and in iii. 4. 12 below. For the noun (= wrath), see *Lear*, v. 3. 74, etc.

15. *Compose.* Agree, make terms. Cf. *composition* in ii. 6. 58 below.

16. *I do not know*, etc. This is part of the conversation between Cæsar and Mæcenas as they come in.

21. *Loud.* In high words. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 150: "Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud," etc.

25. *Nor curstness grow to the matter.* "Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference" (Johnson). S. uses *curstness* only here, but cf. *curst* in *Lear*, ii. 1. 67: "with curst speech," etc.

35. *Not concern'd.* See on ii. 1. 3 above.

40. *How intend you, practis'd?* What do you mean by *practised?* The word was often = plot; as in *Lear*, iii. 2. 57: "practis'd on man's life," etc.

44. *Was theme for you.* Had you for its theme, was on your account.

46. *Did urge me in his act.* Made use of my name as a pretence for the war.

47. *Reports.* "Reporters" (Pope's reading). S. uses *reporter* only in 190 below.

50. *Stomach.* Disposition, inclination. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 35: "he which hath no stomach to this fight," etc.

51. *Having alike your cause?* I being engaged in the same cause with you (Malone).

52. *Patch a quarrel.* Make a quarrel, as it were, out of mere shreds and pieces. In the next line the *not* is not in the folios, but was inserted by Rowe. A few editors follow the folio, but their attempts to explain the passage are forced and unsatisfactory. For *as*, see on i. 4. 22 above.

60. *With graceful eyes attend.* Look graciously or approvingly upon.

61. *Fronted.* Opposed. Cf. i. 4. 79 above.

62. *I would you had*, etc. "I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find that, though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter" (Malone). *Spirit* is a monosyllable, as often.

64. *Pace.* Teach paces to, break in. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 22: —

> "those that tame wild horses
> Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
> But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
> Till they obey the manage."

67. *Garboils.* See on i. 3. 61 above.

70. *Did you too much disquiet.* S. has *do* with many nouns with which we should not now use it; as "do danger" (*J. C.* ii. 1. 17), "do our country loss" (*Hen. V.* iv. 3. 21), "do him disparagement" (*R. and J.* i. 5. 72), "do him shame" (*R. of L.* 597, *Sonn.*

36. 10), "do him ease" (*T. of S.* v. 2. 179, *Ham.* i. 1. 131), etc. *For that* = but for all that, nevertheless.

74. *Missive.* Messenger. Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 7: "Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor.'" S. uses the word only twice.

78. *Told him of myself.* Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.

85. *The honour is sacred*, etc. "The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself" (Malone).

94. *Without it.* That is, without my honesty.

98. *Noble.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 141: "she 's noble born;" and *Cor.* iii. 2. 6: "You do the nobler."

99. *Enforce.* Urge, lay stress upon; as in *Cor.* ii. 3. 227: "enforce his pride," etc.

100. *Griefs.* Grievances. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 118: "redress of all these griefs;" *Id.* iv. 2. 42: "Speak your griefs softly," etc.

102. *Atone.* Reconcile. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202: "Since we cannot atone you," etc.

111. *Your considerate stone.* That is, *I am* as silent as a stone. The meaning seems obvious enough, but changes have been suggested. Steevens cites many passages to show that "still as a stone" was a common simile. Cf. *T. A.* iii. 1. 46: "A stone is silent and offendeth not." *Considerate* = discreet, circumspect.

116. *What hoop*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 43: "A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in."

123. *Were well deserv'd of rashness.* Would be well deserved for your rashness.

129. *To his wife.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 293, *Ham.* i. 2. 14, etc. See also *Matthew*, iii. 9, *Luke*, iii. 8, etc.

134. *Import.* Carry with them.

145. *Power unto.* Elsewhere we have *of* (*Ham.* ii. 2. 27, etc.),

upon (as in i. 3. 23 above), *in* (*Much Ado*, iv. 1. 75, etc.), and *over* (*Rich. III.* i. 2. 47. etc.).

157. *I must thank him only*, etc. I must just thank him, lest I be thought forgetful of his courtesies; and then I will defy him.

159. *At heel of that.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 341: "But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?" See also *T. of A.* i. 1. 27, etc.

162. *The Mount Misenum.* The promontory in the Bay of Naples, now known as the *Punta di Miseno.*

165. *So is the fame.* Such is the report.

168. *Most.* Utmost, greatest; as in *Ham.* i. 5. 180: "at your most need," etc.

169. *To my sister's view.* To see my sister; the "objective genitive."

178. *Digested.* The 1st folio has "disgested"; an old form of the word. So in *Cor.* i. 1. 154 and *J. C.* i. 3. 205 we find "disgest."

181. *Eight wild boars roasted*, etc. See extract from North, p. 185 above.

187. *Square to her.* Just to her. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 4. 36: —

> "All have not offended;
> For those that were, it is not square to take
> Of those that are, revenges."

189. *Upon the river of Cydnus.* Mason criticised this as "an instance of negligence and inattention in S.," since, according to 216 below, Antony, being then in the market-place, did not see her on the river; which reminds one of Yellowplush's surprise at finding that Boulogne-sur-Mer was on the shore and *not* "on the sea." *Upon the river* means "on the shores of the river," including the "city."

193. *The barge she sat in*, etc. Cf. North, p. 184 above.

201. *Cloth-of-gold of tissue.* Explained by some as = cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture; but Staunton is probably right in making it = "cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue." He says that the

expression "repeatedly occurs in early English books." He might have added that S. takes it from North. See p. 184 above.

202. *That Venus.* Warburton says that this means "the Venus of Protogenes, mentioned by Pliny."

207. *What they undid did.* That is, seemed to produce the glow they were intended to allay. Johnson thought it would be better to read "what they did, undid."

209. *Tended her i' the eyes.* Apparently = waited upon her looks. Clarke compares *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 168: "gambol in his eyes." Steevens cites *Ham.* iv. 4. 6: "We shall express our duty in his eye;" that is, in our personal attendance upon him.

210. *And made their bends adornings.* This is the great *crux* of the play. The notes upon it in the Variorum of 1821 fill six pages, and include some very amusing matter. More recent commentators have added a good deal more of the same sort. If the old text be right, the simplest explanation is that they made their obeisance, or bowed, with such grace that it added to their beauty; or, as Steevens puts it, "each inclined her person so gracefully that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty." This idea of grace in doing service follows naturally enough the mention of their waiting upon her in the preceding line. The part of North's account which corresponds to *made their bends adornings* seems to be the statement that the gentlewomen were apparelled "like the Graces," and this must suggest a reference to grace in their movements. I believe that in all that has been written on the passage, no one has called attention to the very close paraphrase of North which S. gives: "Her ladies and *gentlewomen* . . . were apparelled *like the* nymphs *Nereids* (which are the *mermaids* of the waters) and"—after getting so far we have only to seek a parallel for "like the Graces;" and may we not find it in *made their bends adornings?*—made their very obeisance, as they *tended her*, like that of the Graces waiting on Venus.

211. *Tackle.* As a kind of "collective" noun, it here takes a plural verb.

212. *Swell.* Perhaps suggested by the swelling of the sails, and possibly with the added figurative idea of palpitating, as it were, with pleasure at the touch.

213. *Yarely.* Readily, deftly. Cf. *yare* (= quick) in v. 2. 283 below.

215. *Wharfs.* Banks; used by S. only here and in *Ham.* i. 5. 33: "on Lethe wharf."

218. *But for vacancy.* But that it would produce a vacuum.

226. *Barber'd ten times o'er.* Cf. 8 above, for the contrast.

227. *His ordinary.* His supper, his meal. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 211: "for two ordinaries." S. uses the noun nowhere else except in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 42: "the ordinary Of Nature's sale-work."

228. *Wench.* In the time of S. "not always used in a bad sense, but as a general familiar expression, in any variation of tone between tenderness and contempt" (Schmidt).

233. *Did make defect perfection.* An expression not unlike *made their bends adornings* above.

237. *Stale.* Render stale. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 73: "To stale with ordinary oaths my love;" *Id.* iv. 1. 38: "out of use and stal'd by other men," etc.

239. *But she makes hungry,* etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 19: —

> "And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
> But rather famish them amid their plenty,"

and *Per.* v. 1. 113: "Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry."

241. *Become themselves.* Are becoming. Cf. *Sonn.* 150. 5: "Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill?"

242. *Riggish.* Wanton (from *rig,* a harlot); the only instance of the word in S.

SCENE III. — 3. *Bow my prayers.* That is, *in* my prayers.

6. *Kept my square.* Explained by the context. Cf. the use of the verb in *W. T.* v. 1. 52: —

"O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!"

14. *In my motion.* In my mind, "intuitively" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* iii. 1. 13: —

"like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it;"

20. *Thy demon, that thy spirit,* etc. The reading of the 1st folio; the 2d has "that 's thy." Cf. the passage in North, p. 190 above. The wording of this seems to have suggested the change in the 2d folio, and has led some of the modern editors to adopt that reading. Abbott (*Grammar*, 239) finds only one instance of the demonstrative before a possessive pronoun in S. (*J. C.* ii. 1. 112: "this our lofty scene"); but the combination is not uncommon in the plays. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 96, *T. and C.* i. 1. 55, *J. C.* v. 5. 27, *Macb.* i. 7. 53, ii. 2. 61, iii. 6. 48, etc. See also iii. 5. 17 and iv. 14. 79 in the present play. For *demon* = genius, or attendant spirit, cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 56: —

"There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar;"

and *C. of E.* v. 1. 332: —

"One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit?"

23. *A fear.* Apparently a simple personification, though Thirlby's conjecture of "afeard" is plausible enough.

28. *Thickens.* Grows dim. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 50: —

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

34. *The very dice*, etc. Cf. North, p. 191 above.

35. *Cunning*. Skill; as in iii. 12. 31 below. Cf. *Psalms*, cxxxvii. 5, and the adjective in *Genesis*, xxv. 27, etc.

36. *Speeds*. Has good luck, prospers; as often.

38. *All to nought*. That is, when the odds are as everything to nothing. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 238: "And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing;" and *Cor.* v. 2. 10: "it is lots to blanks."

Quails. "The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks" (Johnson). The birds were *inhoop'd*, or confined within a circle, to keep them "up to the scratch;" or, as others say, the one that was driven out of the *hoop* was considered beaten.

SCENE IV. — 6. *At the Mount*. That is, at Misenum.

8. *About*. That is, by a roundabout way. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 3. 11: "His horses go about."

SCENE V. — 1. *Moody*. Pensive, sad; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 79, etc. Cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 1: "If music be the food of love, play on."

3. *Billiards*. An anachronism, as Malone and others have pointed out; but S. may have been aware of it. The game was popular in his day. He mentions it only here.

8. *Show'd*. S. uses both *showed* and *shown* as the participle; so *bended* (12 below) and *bent*.

10. *Angle*. Angling-line. The word is used literally by S. only here; but figuratively in *W. T.* iv. 2. 52 and *Ham.* v. 2. 66.

15. *'T was merry when*, etc. See North, p. 186 above.

18. *Fervency*. Eagerness; the only instance of the word in S. *Fervent* does not occur in his works.

22. *Tires*. Head-dresses. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 60: "thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance."

23. *Philippan*. Used in the battle of Philippi; probably not intended to be a *name* for the sword (like Arthur's *Excalibur*), as some have understood it.

24. *Ram.* Hanmer changes the word to "Rain;" and Delius conjectures "Cram," as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 106. Malone compares *J. C.* v. 3. 74.

26. *Antony's dead!* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "*Anthonyo's* dead." The Cambridge editors adopt Delius's conjecture of "Antonius dead!"

27. *Mistress.* A trisyllable. Cf. *frustrate* in v. 1. 2 below.

30. *Lipp'd.* The verb occurs again in *Oth.* iv. 1. 72: "To lip a wanton in a secure couch."

32. *We use.* We are accustomed. We do not now use the present in this sense. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 175: "they always use to laugh at nothing," etc.

33. *The dead are well.* For this euphemism, cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 30, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 3, *R. and J.* iv. 5. 76, v. 1. 17, etc. It seems to have been suggested by 2 *Kings*, iv. 26.

38. *So tart a favour.* So sour a face. For *favour*, cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 73, etc.

41. *Formal.* Ordinary, common. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 105, etc.

51. *Precedence.* What has gone before; as in the only other instance in which S. uses the word — *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 83. The accent is on the penult there as here.

64. *Unhair.* The only instance of the verb in S. *Unhair'd* (= beardless) is a conjectural reading in *K. John*, v. 2. 133, where the early eds. have "unheard."

71. *Boot thee with.* Give thee to boot.

74. *Have made no fault.* Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 218: "you have made fault;" *Sonn.* 35. 5: "All men make faults," etc.

75. *Keep yourself within yourself.* That is, do not get *beside* yourself with passion. Steevens compares *T. of S.* ind. 1. 100: "we can contain ourselves."

78. *Melt Egypt into Nile!* Cf. i. 1. 33 above: "Let Rome in Tiber melt."

81. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid.* Cf. iii. 3. 1 below.

90. *Worser.* Used by S. some twenty times. Cf. i. 2. 59 above.

96. *Narcissus.* Cf. *V. and A.* 161: —

> "Narcissus so himself himself forsook
> And died to kiss his shadow in the brook."

See also *R. of L.* 265.

97. *Thou wouldst appear most ugly.* That is, "this news hath made thee a most ugly man" (*K. John*, iii. 1. 37).

101. *Much unequal.* Very unjust. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 102: —

> "To lay a heavy and unequal hand
> Upon our honours."

103. *That art not what thou 'rt sure of.* The reading of the folios, much tinkered by the editors. Knight explains it thus: "Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee." Clarke says: "Who art not thyself that fault which thou art so sure has been committed. The messenger has before said, 'I that do bring the news made not the match,' and 'I have made no fault;' and he has so often repeated his assertion that Antony is married that Cleopatra alludes to it as 'what thou 'rt *sure* of.'" Verplanck thinks it may be = "Thou (the bearer) art not thyself the evil thing of which thou art so certain, and dost not merit to bear its odium." Herford, perhaps rightly, takes it to be ironical and = "That art innocent, forsooth, of offences, yet sure to offend!" Many emendations have been proposed.

105. *Are.* The subject *merchandise* (= goods) is treated as a plural. Cf. *tackle* in ii. 2. 211 above.

112. *Feature.* Personal appearance. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 126: "Liker in feature to his father Geffrey." See also *Id.* iv. 2. 264, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 19, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 50, *I am.* iii. 1. 167, iii. 2. 25, *Lear*, iv. 2. 63, etc. S. uses the plural only in *Temp.* iii. 1. 52.

116. *Though he be painted*, etc. Alluding, as Staunton notes, to the "double" pictures formerly in vogue, of which Burton says:

'Like those double or turning pictures; stand before which you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl." Cf. Chapman, *All Fools*, i. 1: —

> "But like a couzening picture, which one way
> Shows like a crow, another like a swan."

SCENE VI. — 7. *Tall.* Stout, sturdy. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 11: "good soldiers and tall fellows," etc.

13. *Ghosted.* Used by S. only here. Steevens quotes an instance from Burton, *Anat. of Melan.* preface: "What madnesse ghosts this old man? but what madnesse ghosts us all?"

24. *Fear.* Frighten. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 9: —

> "this aspect of mine
> Hath fear'd the valiant."

27. *O'ercount me of my father's house.* As Malone notes, "*o'ercount* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only *outnumbered* but had *overreached* him." According to Plutarch, "when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them." See also p. 189 above.

28. *But since the cuckoo builds not for himself*, etc. "Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can" (Johnson). For other allusions to this habit of the cuckoo, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 60, *Lear*, i. 4. 235, and *R. of L.* 849.

30. *From the present.* Away from, or foreign to, the present business.

34. *To try a larger fortune.* That is, in trying, or if you try, for more at the hands of Fortune. He hints that in risking the chances of war he may lose rather than gain. The "indefinite" use of the infinitive is common in S.

37. *Greed.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and

4th (followed by most of the modern eds.) have "'greed;" but it is not a contraction of *agreed*.

39. *Targes*. Targets, shields; as in *Cymb*. v. 5. 5, where, as here, the word is a monosyllable.

42. *Though I lose*, etc. Clarke remarks: "The historical fact of Sextus Pompey's having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily when she fled from Italy is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment — declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it — is the dramatist's own exquisite addition. S. has more than once taken occasion to enforce this refinement in social morality; he has made that noble-minded, warm-natured, delicate-souled being, Antonio, the sea-captain in *T. N.* (whom we can never help associating, in strange closeness of analogy, with S. himself in character and disposition), say [iii. 4. 383]: —

> "'Do not tempt my misery,
> Lest that it make me so unsound a man
> As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
> That I have done for you.'"

47. *Am well studied*. Am studious or earnestly desirous. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*. ii. 2. 10: "so loosely studied;" and *M. of V*. ii. 2. 205: "well studied is a sad ostent," etc.

51. *Timelier*. Earlier, sooner. Cf. *Mach*. ii. 3. 5, *Cymb*. i. 6. 97, etc.

54. *What counts harsh fortune casts*. The metaphor, as Warburton notes, is from making marks or lines in *casting accounts*.

70. *A certain queen*, etc. Ritson says: "This is from the margin of North's *Plutarch*, 1579: 'Cleopatra trussed up in a mattress, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' back;'" but this marginal reference is to the following in the text: "She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a little boat, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then having no other mean to come into the

court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or flockbed, which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his back and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in at the castle gate. This was the first occasion (as it is reported) that made Cæsar to love her: but afterwards, when he saw her sweet conversation and pleasant entertainment, he fell then in further liking with her, and did reconcile her again unto her brother the king, with condition that they two jointly should reign together."

73. *Are toward.* Are in preparation. Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 68: "Here's a noble feast toward;" *T. of S.* v. 1. 14: "some cheer is toward," etc.

83. *Have known.* That is, have known each other. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 4. 36: "Sir, we have known together in Orleans."

98. *True* = honest; as often. For its use in antithesis to *thief*, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 187: "a true man or a thief," etc.

116. *Pray ye, sir?* Are you in earnest?

118. *Is.* The singular verb with two singular subjects is not uncommon.

119. *Divine of.* Predict concerning. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 79: "divine his downfall," etc.

126. *Conversation.* Behaviour, conduct. Cf. 2 *Hen IV.* v. 5. 106, *M. W.* ii. 1. 25, etc. See also *Hebrews*, xiii. 5.

134. *Occasion.* Need, necessity (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 3. 15: "But his occasions might have wooed me first," etc.

SCENE VII. — 1. *Enter . . . with a banquet.* That is, with a dessert. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 9: —

> "My banquet is to close our stomachs up
> After our great good cheer."

Nares quotes Massinger, *Unnatural Combat:* —

> "We 'll dine in the great room, but let the music
> And banquet be prepared here."

See also *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: —

> "'T is strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ;
> Their dinner is our banquet after dinner."

2. *Plants.* As Johnson notes, there seems to be a play on the word as applied to the soles of the feet (Latin *planta*). Steevens cites Lupton, *Notable Things:* "the plants or soles of the feet;" and Chapman, *Iliad*: "Even to the low plants of his feete."

5. *Alms-drink.* Warburton says that this means "that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him." He sees also a satirical allusion to "Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy." Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 18 fol. Schmidt, with more probability, takes it to mean "the leavings," such as might be served to those too tipsy to know the difference.

6. *Pinch one another by the disposition.* "As they try each other by banter" (Clarke).

13. *Partisan.* A kind of halberd. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 80, 101, *Ham.* i. 1. 140, etc.

15. *Are the holes*, etc. The comparison is expressed elliptically: "is as sorry a blank as are the empty spaces," etc. In *sphere* we have an allusion to the old Ptolemaic astronomy, according to which the heavenly bodies were set in hollow crystal spheres, by the revolution of which they were carried round. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 183, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 7. 153, iii. 2. 61, etc. *Disaster* = injure, disfigure; the only instance of the verb in S. Schmidt remarks that it is "rather blunderingly used;" but it was an astrological term and is probably suggested here by the figure that precedes.

17. *They take the flow o' the Nile*, etc. S. probably got this information either from Holland's *Pliny* or from John Pory's translation of Leo's *Hist. of Africa*, 1600.

20. *Foison.* Full harvest, plenty; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 163, iv. 1. 110, *Macb.* iv. 3. 88, *Sonn.* 53. 9, etc.

26. *Your serpent*, etc. For the colloquial use of *your*, cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 24: "Your worm is your only emperor for diet," etc.

34. *In.* That is, "in for it" (= drunk).

36. *Pyramises.* The singular *pyramis* was in use in the time of S. (cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 6. 21), but the plural is his own, and is probably intended as a touch of drunken enunciation. In v. 2. 61 below we have *pyramides.* The boozmess of Lepidus is well hit off here. "His feeble attempt at scientific inquiry, in the remark concerning *your serpent of Egypt,* his flabbily persistent researches touching *your crocodile,* and his limp recurrence to his pet expression *strange serpent,* are all conceived in the highest zest of comic humour" (Clarke).

43. *This wine for Lepidus!* This is "the health that Pompey gives him" (55 below).

47. *It own.* The old possessive *it* is used by S. fourteen times, and in six of these it occurs in the phrase *it own.*

61. *Held my cap off.* Been a servant, been faithful.

72. *Inclips.* Embraces, encloses. Cf. *clip* in iv. 8. 8 below. On *pales,* cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 19: "paled in With rocks," etc.

74. *Competitors.* Partners, associates. See on i. 4. 3 above.

77. *There.* Changed by Pope to "then," which is very plausible if any change is called for; but *there* may be accompanied with a gesture towards the company they have left. Mr. Symons ("Henry Irving" ed.) objects to this explanation of mine that "it was not Cæsar and Lepidus that Antony [Pompey?] wanted to have possession of;" to which the preceding part of the sentence is a sufficient answer. Menas suggests cutting the throats of *all* the triumvirs.

86. *Pall'd.* Impaired, waning; the only instance of this sense in S.

88. *This health to Lepidus!* But Lepidus is already "under the table," so to speak. We have heard nothing from him since Antony admonished him (64 above) that he was about to "sink."

97. *Go on wheels!* "The world goes on wheels" was a common phrase of the time. Taylor the Water-Poet took it for the title of one of his pamphlets.

98. *Reels.* Apparently suggested by *drunk*, and used for the sake of the rhyme to *wheels*. Cf. 118 below. Steevens conjectured "grease the wheels" for *increase the reels!*

101. *Strike the vessels.* Probably = "tap the casks," as most of the editors have explained it. Cf. Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 10: "Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine," etc. The word *vessels* also favours this explanation, being elsewhere used of casks or large vessels; as in *T. of A.* ii. 2. 186: "If I would broach the vessels of my love," etc. Some, however, make *strike the vessels* = strike your cups together. Clarke, who adopts this explanation, objects to the other that Antony would hardly give an order for tapping fresh casks when Pompey was the entertainer; but the carousal had now reached a point where none of the company would stand overmuch upon etiquette.

105. *Possess it.* "Be master of it" (Schmidt). The reading is perhaps doubtful. "Profess" and "Propose" have been suggested as emendations.

115. *The holding.* The "burden" of the song; used by S. in this sense only here.

118. *Pink eyne.* Winking or half-shut eyes (the effect of intoxication); with perhaps a reference to the other sense of red. Johnson in his *Dict.* defines a *pink eye* as "a small eye," and quotes this passage in illustration. Nares quotes Fleming, *Nomenclator:* "Ayant fort petits yeux. That hath little eyes: pink-eyed;" and Wilkins, *Alph. Dict.:* "pink-eyed, narrow eyed." For the old plural *eyne*, cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 242, ii. 2. 99, iii. 2. 138, v. 1. 178, etc. We find it without the rhyme in *R. of L.* 1229 and *Per.* iii. prol. 5.

119. *Fats.* "Vats" (Pope's reading). Cf. *Joel*, ii. 24, iii. 13. See also Baret, *Alvearie:* "A fat, or vat. Orca."

120. *Hairs.* For the plural, cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 9, iii. 2. 120, *C. of E.* iii. 2. 48, etc. Here, however, it may be used because more than one person is referred to.

128. *The wild disguise*, etc. The wild intoxication hath almost

made *antics* or buffoons of us all. For the noun *antic*, cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 162: "and there the antic sits;" 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 69: "old father Antic the law," etc. S. has the verb only here.

ACT III

SCENE I. — 1. *Struck.* "Alludes to *darting:* thou whose darts have so often struck others art struck now thyself" (Johnson).

4. *Thy Pacorus*, etc. Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

10. *Chariots.* Some would read "chariot;" but, as Clarke remarks, "a plural form, used in this way, is not unfrequent among poets and poetic writers or speakers, to give the effect of amplitude and generalization."

13. *May make too great an act.* Make an act too great; that is, as the context shows, because it may excite the jealousy of one's superior in office.

15. *Him we serve's away.* For the "confusion of construction" (or "attraction," as some prefer to call it), cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 46: "Ay, better than him I am before knows me," etc.

24. *Darkens him.* Obscures himself. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 7. 5: —

> "And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
> Even by your own."

29. *Grants.* Affords, allows. Warburton remarks: "The sense is this: 'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom or knowledge of the world."

34. *Jaded.* Driven like *jades*, or worthless nags. For the verb, cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 80: "To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet."

SCENE II. — 6. *'T is.* Used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 70, *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, etc. For the familiar use, cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 58, etc.

11. *Hoo!* The 1st folio has "How," the later folios "Oh!" or "Oh?" The folio often has *how* for *ho* or *hoo*, and the latter is a favourite exclamation of Enobarbus. In 16 below the first three folios have *Hoo!* the fourth, *Ho!*

12. *Thou Arabian bird!* The phœnix. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 17: "She is alone the Arabian bird;" *Temp.* iii. 3. 22: —

> "Now I will believe
> That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
> There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
> At this hour reigning there," etc.

17. *Cast.* Compute; as in *Sonn.* 49. 3, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 21, etc. Cf. ii. 6. 54 above. *Number* = express in *numbers*, or verse; the only instance of this sense in S. For the construction, cf. iii. 4. 18 and iv. 12. 8 below.

20. *Shards.* The horny wing-cases of the "sharded" (*Cymb.* iii. 3. 20) or "shard-borne beetle" (*Macb.* iii. 2. 42). The meaning is: "they are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground."

26. *As my farthest band*, etc. "As I will venture the greatest pledge of security on the trial of thy conduct" (Johnson); or, as I will pledge any thing that you will prove to be. For *band* = bond, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 2, 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 157, *C. of E.* iv. 2. 49, etc. For *approof*, cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 3: "of very valiant approof" (= of approved valour), and see also *Id.* i. 2. 50.

28. *Piece of virtue.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 56: "Thy mother was a piece of virtue;" and *Per.* iv. 6. 118: "Thou art a piece of virtue." For similar examples of *piece* = masterpiece, see *W. T.* iv. 4. 32, *Lear*, iv. 6. 137, and v. 2. 99 below. White argues that *piece* in these and sundry other passages is = *woman*; but this seems to me very doubtful.

29. *Cement.* S. accents both the noun and the verb (which occurs only in ii. 1. 48 above) on the first syllable.

32. *Mean.* Means; as often. Cf. iv. 6. 35 below, and *W. T.* iv. 4. 89, *R. and J.* iii. 3. 42, v. 3. 240, etc.

35. *Curious.* Careful, punctilious, scrupulous. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20, *Cymb.* i. 6. 191, etc.

40. *The elements*, etc. The wish probably refers to her voyage to Egypt. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 45: —

> "O, let the heavens
> Give him defence against the elements,
> For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!"

43. *The April's in her eyes.* Alluding to "April showers." Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 189: "he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April." See also *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 84 fol.

49. *At full of tide*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 63: —

> "As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
> That makes a still-stand, running neither way."

52. *Were he a horse.* "A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face* when he has a black or dark-coloured spot between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and, being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course regarded as a blemish" (Steevens).

57. *Rheum.* A cold in the head, or some other ailment that affected his eyes; which Enobarbus sarcastically suggests as the explanation of his tears. Cf. what he says in i. 2. 165: "the tears live in an onion," etc. *Rheum* is often used with reference to tears; as in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 85, *K. John*, iii. 1. 22, iv. 1. 33, iv. 3. 108, etc. For its use in the present passage, cf. *T. and C.* v. 3. 105: "and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones," etc.

58. *Confound.* Destroy; as in ii. 5. 92 above. *Wail'd* = bewailed; as often. Cf. *V. and A.* 1017, *C. of E.* iv. 2. 24, *Cor.* iv. 1. 26, etc.

62. *Wrestle.* The 1st and 2d folios have "wrastle," which is still the vulgar pronunciation.

Scene III. — 3. *Herod of Jewry.* See on i. 2. 27 above.

14. *As me.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 76: "no mightier than thyself or me," etc.

22. *Station.* Mode of standing. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4.58: "A station like the herald Mercury," etc.

24. *Breather.* Cf. *Sonn.* 81. 11: "When all the breathers of this world are dead." See also *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 297.

25. *Observance.* Observation. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 5: "By what observance, I pray you?" *Oth.* iii. 3. 151: "Out of his scattering and unsure observance," etc. So *make better note* = be better observers.

37. *As low as.* Capell conjectured "Lower than;" but the original is a cant phrase with that meaning.

41. *Proper.* Often used in a complimentary way. See *Temp.* ii. 2. 63, *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 10, etc.

43. *Harried.* Worried, used roughly; the only instance of the word in S. Minsheu in his *Dict.*, 1617, defines the word, "To turmoile or vexe."

44. *No such thing.* That is, no such remarkable thing, nothing extraordinary.

46. *Defend.* Forbid. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 98: "God defend the lute should be like the case!" etc.

SCENE IV. — 3. *Semblable.* Like, similar; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72, *Ham.* v. 2. 124, etc.

10. *From his teeth.* That is, for form's sake, not from his heart. Cf. Dryden, *Wild Gallant:* "I am confident she is only angry from the teeth outward."

12. *Stomach.* Resent. See on ii. 2. 9 above.

15. *Presently.* At once; as in ii. 2. 160 above.

16. *O, bless my lord,* etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 331. fol. for a very similar passage.

27. *Stain.* Eclipse, throw into the shade. Cf. *Sonn.* 35. 3: "Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun;" and *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 66: —

> "To dim his glory, and to stain the track
> Of his bright passage to the occident."

28. *Your desires are yours.* You have what you desire.

Scene V. — 5. *Success.* Issue, that which *succeeds* or follows; as in ii. 4. 9 above. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 117: "Nor fear of bad success," etc.

7. *Rivality.* Copartnership, equality; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *rivals* = associates, companions; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 13: "The rivals of my watch," etc.

10. *Appeal.* Impeachment; as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 4 and iv. 1. 45.

79. *Up* = shut up.

13. *And throw between them*, etc. "Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them."

19. *More, Domitius*, etc. "I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news: Antony requires your presence" (Johnson).

Scene VI. — 3. *I' the market-place*, etc. See North, p. 184 above.

9. *Stablishment.* Settled inheritance; the only instance of the word in S. *Establishment* he does not use at all, though he has both *establish* and *stablish* (1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 10).

10. *Lydia.* Johnson adopts Upton's conjecture of "Lybia" (from Plutarch), but North has "Lydia."

20. *Who.* That is, the people of *Rome*. *Queasy with* = disgusted with.

23. *Who.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 30: "For who love I so much?" *Cor.* ii. 1. 8: "Who does the wolf love?" etc. The 2d folio which corrects many of the syntactical errors of the 1st has "Whom."

39. *Enter Octavia with her train.* The stage-direction in the folios. Some omit *with her train*, as inconsistent with what follows; but Cæsar simply wonders that she comes with so small a retinue. Antony had told her (iii. 4. 37 above) to take what "company" she pleased.

53. *Left unlov'd.* "Held" and "felt" have been suggested in the place of *left;* but it is not unlikely that S. wrote *left unlov'd*,

which certainly suggests the meaning, though something of logical precision is sacrificed to the antithesis. The editors of the eighteenth century were not troubled by it, and it has been generally retained by their successors. Schmidt says that *left unlov'd* is = "not felt; *to love a love* being a phrase like *to think a thought*," etc.

61. *Obstruct.* The folios have "abstract," which Schmidt explains as "the shortest way for him and his desires, the readiest opportunity to encompass his wishes." *Obstruct* was suggested by Warburton and is adopted by most of the editors.

67. *Who.* Referring to both of them.

69. *Bocchus, the king of Libya*, etc. See North, p. 196 above.

76. *More larger.* Double comparatives and superlatives are common in Elizabethan literature. Cf. *Acts*, xxvi. 5, etc. *Ay me* is changed by Hanmer and others to "Ah me!" which S. has only in *R.* and *J.* v. i. 10.

80. *Wrong led.* Misled, changed by Capell to "wrong'd."

81. *In negligent danger.* In danger from being negligent.

89. *Best of comfort.* May the best of comfort be yours!

95. *Regiment.* Rule, sway. *Trull* = harlot; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 28, etc. Johnson remarks that the word was not "a term of mere infamy, but one of slight contempt, as *wench* is now;" but there can be no doubt of its meaning here.

96. *Noises it.* Is noisy, or raises a disturbance.

98. *Dear'st.* These contracted superlatives (like *sweet'st, kind'st, eld'st*, etc.), often very harsh, were a fashion of the time.

Scene VII. — 3. *Forspoke.* Spoken against, gainsaid. It often meant "to bewitch, or destroy by speaking" (Nares); as in Drayton, *Her. Epist.*: —

> "Their hellish power, to kill the ploughman's seed
> Or to forspeake whole flocks as they did feed;"

The Witch of Edmonton: —

> "That my bad tongue, by their bad usage made so,
> Forespeakes their cattle, doth bewitch their corn;"

and Burton, *Anat. of Melan.*: "They are in despair, surely forespoken, or bewitched."

5. *Is't not denounc'd against us?* Is not the war declared against us? See North, p. 195 above: "he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra," etc. Cf. the use of *denunciation* (=formal declaration) in *M. for M.* i. 2. 152.

20. *Take in Toryne.* Capture Toryne. See on i. 1. 23 above.

23. *Becom'd.* For the form, cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 406: "He would have well becom'd this place." See also *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26: "becomed love."

26. *For that.* Because; a common use of *that* as a "conjunctional affix." Cf. iii. 13. 80 below.

32. *Muleters.* Muleteers. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 68: "base muleters of France!" Similar forms are "enginer" (*Ham.* iii. 4. 206), "pioner" (*Ham.* iii. 2. 92), "mutiner" (*Cor.* i. 1. 254), etc.

33. *Ingross'd by swift impress.* Got together by a hurried impressment or levy. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 75: "impress of shipwrights," etc.

35. *Yare.* Light and manageable. Cf. North: "light of yarage." See also on ii. 2. 213 above.

36. *Fall you.* Befall you, come to you. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 78, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 125, etc.

44. *Merely.* Entirely, absolutely; as in *Temp.* i. 1. 59, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 226, etc.

54. *Power.* Force, army; as often, both in the singular and the plural.

57. *My Thetis!* My sea-nymph! Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 212 and iii. 3. 94.

62. *Have us'd.* See on ii. 5. 32 above.

65. *But his whole action*, etc. Johnson explains this: "His whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason;" but it rather means that his action does not rest on that which makes its strength. Malone puts it thus: "His whole conduct in

the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength (namely, his *land force*), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea."

72. *Carries.* Has a range; probably a metaphor from archery. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 52: "he would have carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half," etc.

73. *Distractions.* Divisions, detachments; the only instance of this sense in S. Cf. *L. C.* 231: "Their distract parcels."

77. *Throes forth.* For the figure, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 231:—

> "a birth indeed
> Which throes thee much to yield."

Scene VIII. — 5. *Prescript.* Direction, order; like *prescription* in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 151. S. uses the noun *prescript* only here. The adjective occurs only in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 49.

6. *Jump.* Hazard, stake; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the verb in *Macb.* i. 7. 7, *Cor.* iii. 1. 154, and *Cymb.* v. 4. 188.

Scene IX. — 1. *Yond.* Not a contraction of *yonder*, as often printed.

2. *Battle.* Army; as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 78, *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 9, etc.

Scene X. — 2. *Antoniad.* The name of Cleopatra's ship. See North, p. 196 above.

5. *Synod.* In five out of the six passages in which S. uses the word, it refers to an assembly of the gods.

6. *Cantle.* Piece; literally, corner. S. uses the word only here and in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 100: "a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out."

7. *With.* By; as often.

9. *Token'd.* Spotted. "The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens). Cf. the use

of the noun in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 423 (where there is a play upon the word): —

> "They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes.
> These lords are visited; you are not free,
> For the Lord's tokens on you do I see;"

and *T. and C.* ii. 3. 187: —

> "He is so plaguey proud that the death-tokens of it
> Cry 'no recovery.'"

10. *Ribaudred.* Lewd, profligate. Some have thought the word a corruption of *ribaud* or *ribald;* but "ribaudrous" and "ribauldous" are forms found in Baret and other writers of the time, and *ribaudred* may have been another then in use.

13. *The elder.* The superior. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 46: —

> "We are two lions litter'd in one day,
> And I the elder and more terrible."

14. *Brize.* Gadfly. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 48: —

> "The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
> Than by the tiger."

17. *Loof'd.* Luffed, brought close to the wind; the only instance of the word in S.

19. *Mallard.* Drake. Cf. the allusions to the timidity of the wild duck in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 108 and iv. 2. 21.

28. *Are you thereabouts?* Is that your opinion? Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 378: "'t is thereabouts."

31. *'T is easy to 't.* It is easy to go there. *Attend* = wait for.

35. *Wounded chance.* Broken fortunes. Cf. *chance* in v. 2. 174 below.

36. *Sits.* Often used of the direction of the wind. Cf. *Much Ado,* ii. 3. 102, *M. of V.* i. 1. 8, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 265, ii. 1. 123, etc.

Scene XI. — 3. *Lated.* Belated; but not a contraction of that word. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 3. 6: "the lated traveller," etc.

17. *Sweep your way.* Make it smooth or easy. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 204: "they must sweep my way," etc.

18. *Loathness.* Unwillingness, reluctance; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 130 and *Cymb.* i. 1. 108.

21. *Possess you.* Put you in possession.

23. *For indeed I have lost command.* Let me entreat you to leave me; for indeed I have lost all power to command you to go (Steevens). *Pray* is antithetical to *command.*

35. *He at Philippi*, etc. Cæsar at Philippi kept his sword in the scabbard, like one wearing it in the dance. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 33: —

> "no sword worn
> But one to dance with."

37. *The lean and wrinkled Cassius.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 194 fol.

38. *Ended.* Cf. iv. 14. 22 below.

39. *Dealt on lieutenantry.* Acted by his lieutenants, fought by proxy. Cf. iii. 1. 16 above: —

> "Cæsar and Antony have ever won
> More in their officer than person."

40. *Squares.* Squadrons; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 28: "our squares of battle."

44. *Unqualitied.* Unmanned, deprived of his natural *qualities;* used by S. only here.

47. *But.* Unless; as not unfrequently.

49. *Reputation.* Metrically five syllables.

50. *Unnoble.* Elsewhere S. uses *ignoble.*

52. *How I convey my shame*, etc. "How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight" (Johnson).

54. *Stroy'd.* Destroyed; but not a contraction of that word. S. uses it nowhere else.

57. *The strings.* That is, the heart-strings.

62. *Treaties.* Proposals for a treaty. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 481: —

> "Why answer not the double majesties
> This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?"

63. *Palter.* Shuffle, equivocate. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 126, *Mach.* v. 8. 20, etc.

69. *Fall.* For the transitive use, cf. *R. of L.* 1551: "every tear he falls," etc. *Rates* = rates as much as, is worth.

71. *Schoolmaster.* Euphronius, the preceptor of his children by Cleopatra.

Scene XII. — 3. *Argument.* Proof; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 243: "no great argument of her folly," etc.

5. *Which.* Who; as often. Cf. iv. 14. 61 below.

10. *His.* Its; that is, "of the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled" (Steevens).

12. *Requires.* Requests, asks. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness," etc. Note the following *requests* here.

18. *Circle.* Crown; as in *K. John*, v. 1. 2: "The circle of my glory." Cf. *round* in *Macb.* i. 2. 59 and iv. 1. 88.

28. *And in our name*, etc. White conjectures that we should read: —

> "What she requires; and in our name add more
> Offers from thine invention."

31. *Thyreus.* The folios have (as in iii. 13. 73 below) "Thidias;" corrected by Theobald.

34. *Becomes his flaw.* "Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune" (Johnson).

36. *Power.* That is, bodily organ; as often. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 184: "my operant powers," etc.

Scene XIII. — 1. *Think and die.* Despond and die. *Think* has the same meaning as "take thought" in *J. C.* ii. 1. 187: "take thought, and die for Cæsar." Cf. iv. 6. 35 below. See also 1 *Samuel*, ix. 5 and *Matthew*, vi. 25.

5. *Ranges.* Ranks; the only instance of the noun in S.

8. *Nick'd.* "Set the mark of folly on" (Steevens). Cf. *C. of F.* v. 1. 175: "nicks him like a fool."

10. *The mered question.* The only cause of the dispute. *Mered* seems to be formed from *mere*, which Rowe substituted. Some take it to be from *meere*, to divide, and = limited. Cf. Spenser, *Ruines of Rome*, 22. 2: "Which mear'd her rule with Africa," etc.

11. *Course.* Follow, like a hunter *coursing* or chasing game. Cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 21: "We cours'd him at the heels," etc.

26. *Comparisons.* This may be = "comparative advantages," as several of the editors explain it; but I strongly suspect that it is a misprint for "caparisons," as Pope considered it. Cf. *V. and A.* 286: "For rich caparisons or trapping gay."

27. *Declin'd.* Fallen in fortune; as in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 76 and iv. 5. 189.

29. *High-battled.* Commanding proud armies (cf. *battle* in iii. 9. 2 above).

30. *Unstate.* Divest of state or dignity. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 108: "I would unstate myself," etc. *Stag'd* = exhibited as on a stage. Cf. v. 2. 217 below. See also *M. for M.* i. 1. 69: "to stage me to their eyes."

31. *Sworder.* Gladiator; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 135: "A Roman sworder and banditto slave."

32. *A parcel of.* Of a piece with.

34. *Suffer.* Suffer loss or injury.

41. *Square.* Quarrel. See on ii. 1. 45 above.

42. *The loyalty*, etc. That is, to be loyal to fools is mere folly.

46. *Earns a place i' the story.* Wins renown, is esteemed a hero.

71. *Shroud.* Shelter, protection. Cf. the verb in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 1: "Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves," etc. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 6: "That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain" (that is, the rain compelled them to seek shelter).

74. *In deputation.* By deputy or proxy.

77. *All-obeying.* Which all obey. Such active forms are often used passively by S. Cf. *R. of L.* 983: "His unrecalling crime;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 543: "Your discontenting father," etc.

80. *If that.* See on iii. 7. 26 above.

81. *Give me grace.* Grant me the favour.

82. *Your Cæsar's father.* Julius Cæsar, who had adopted Octavius.

83. *Taking kingdoms in.* See on i. 1. 23 above.

85. *As.* As if. Cf. i. 2. 93 above and iv. 1. 1 below.

87. *Fullest.* Most complete, "full-fraught" (*Hen. V.* ii. 2. 139). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 36: "a full soldier" (that is, a perfect one).

91. *A muss.* "A scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares). Cf. Jonson, *Magnetic Lady*, iv. 1: —

> "The moneys rattle not, nor are they thrown
> To make a muss yet 'mong the gamesome suitors;"

Middleton, *Spanish Gipsy*: "They 'll throw down gold in musses;" and Dryden, prol. to *Widow Ranter* —

> "Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down
> But there 's a muss of more than half the town."

93. *Jack.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 72: —

> "Since every Jack became a gentleman,
> There 's many a gentle person made a Jack," etc.

98. *Of she here.* Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 3: "you have seen Cassio and she together," etc.

109. *Feeders.* Parasites; as in *T. of A.* ii. 2. 168: "riotous feeders." Some make it = servants.

112. *Seel.* Blind; originally a term of falconry. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 46, *Oth.* i. 3. 270, iii. 3. 210, etc.

120. *Luxuriously.* Wantonly, lewdly. The only sense of *luxury* in S. is lust; and so with its derivatives.

121. *Temperance.* Chastity; as in *R. of L.* 884: "That blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd."

124. *Quit.* Requite; as in 151 below.

127. *The hill of Basan.* See *Psalms*, lxviii. 15 and xxii. 12. Cf. the reference to "the holy churchyard" in *Cor.* iii. 3. 51.

131. *Vare.* Ready, prompt. See on iii. 7. 35 above.

146. *Orbs.* Spheres. See on ii. 7. 14 above, and cf. iv. 15. 10 below.

157. *Ties his points?* Does menial service; literally, fastens the *points*, or tagged lacings, of his trunk-hose. For *points*, cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 49: "with two broken points;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238: "their points being broken," etc.

161. *De'ermines.* Comes to an end, dissolves. Cf. iv. 3. 2 below.

162. *Cæsarion.* Cf. iii. 6. 6 above.

165. *Discandying.* Melting. Cf. iv. 12. 22 below. So *candy* = congeal in *Temp.* ii. 1. 279 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 226.

171. *Fleet.* "Float" (Rowe's reading). Steevens cites *Edward II.*: "This isle shall fleet upon the ocean;" *Tamburlaine*, 1590: "fleeting with the tide," etc. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 12. 14:—

> "one of those same Islands which doe fleet
> In the wide sea;"

Colin Clouts Come Home Againe, 286: "That seemd amid the surges for to fleet," etc.

175. *Will earn our chronicle.* Will earn historical fame. Cf. 46 above.

180. *Nice.* Dainty, delicate, effeminate.

183. *Gaudy.* Joyous, festive; a use of the word still known at Oxford. "The etymology of the word," says Blount in his *Dict.*, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students." Of course the latter is the true derivation.

191. *Peep.* For the ellipsis of *to*, cf. iv. 6. 9 below.

192. *There's sap in't yet.* Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 206: "there's life in't."

197. *Estridge.* Ostrich; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 98: "plum'd like estridges," etc.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 1. *As.* As if. See on i. 2. 95 and iii. 13. 85 above.

5. *I have many other ways to die.* Hanmer changed this to "He hath," etc., on the ground that Cæsar would not admit the probability of Antony's killing him; but it is probably said ironically. It is possible, however, that S. was misled by the ambiguous wording of the passage in North. See p. 203 above.

9. *Make boot of.* Take advantage of.

14. *Fetch him in.* Capture him. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 141: —

"and swear
He 'd fetch us in."

SCENE II. — 7. *Woo't.* Provincial for *wouldst thou* or *wilt thou.* Cf. iv. 15. 59 below.

8. '*Take all.*' "Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death" (Johnson). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 15: "And bids what will take all." The expression is from gaming, meaning "let all depend upon this hazard."

25. *Period.* End. Cf. iv. 14. 107 below.

26. *Or if, a mangled shadow.* "*Or if* you see me more, you will see me *a mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was" (Johnson).

33. *Yield.* Reward. Cf. "God 'ield you!" in *Ham.* iv. 5. 41, etc.

35. *Onion-eyed.* See on i. 2. 166 above.

36. *Ho, ho, ho!* Used as an expression of mockery or rebuke. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 421, *T. of A.* i. 2. 22, 117, etc.

44. *Death and honour.* An honourable death.

SCENE III. — 5. *Belike.* It is likely, probably. Cf. i. 2. 34 above.

13. *Music i' the air.* See North, p. 203 above.

14. *Signs well.* Is a good sign or omen.

22. *Give off.* Give out, cease. In *K. John*, v. 1. 27, the phrase is transitive (= resign).

SCENE IV. — 2. *Chuck.* Chick. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 45, *Oth.* iii. 4. 49, etc.

5–8. In the 1st folio (followed substantially by the other folios) this passage reads thus : —

> " *Cleo.* Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony.*
> What 's this for ? Ah let be, let be, thou art
> The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
> Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee."

The arrangement in the text was suggested by Capell. *Thus it must be* seems to be Cleopatra's remark about the armour she is trying to adjust.

13. *Daff't.* Doff it, take it off ; as in *L. C.* 297. Cf. *Much Ado* ii. 3. 176, v. i. 78, etc.

15. *Tight.* Handy, adroit. Cf. *tightly* (= adroitly) in *M. W.* i. 3. 88 and ii. 3. 67.

16. *My wars.* For the plural, cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 239, etc.

23. *Port.* Gate ; as in *Cor.* i. 7. 1, v. 6. 6, etc. See also on i. 3. 46 above.

25. *Blown.* Referring to the trumpets. Some take it to refer to the morning, "the metaphor being implied of night *blossoming* into day."

28. *Well said.* Well done ; as often. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 169, v. 1. 98, etc.

31. *Check.* Reproof. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 149, iii. 3. 67, iv. 3. 20, etc.

32. *Mechanic.* Vulgar ; "such as becomes a journeyman" (Schmidt). Cf. v. 2. 209 below.

SCENE V. — 14. *Subscribe.* Sign the letter.

SCENE VI. — 2. *Took.* S. uses the forms *took*, *taken*, and *ta'en* for the participle.

6. *The three-nook'd world.* Cf. *K. John* v. 7. 116: "Come the three corners of the world in arms," etc.

7. *Shall bear the olive freely.* Cf. 2 *Hen IV.* iv. 4. 87: "But peace puts forth her olive everywhere."

9. *Plant.* For the ellipsis of *to*, see on iii. 13. 191 above.

17. *Entertainment.* Employment. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 13: "worthy your lordship's entertainment," etc.

26. *Saf'd.* Gave safe conduct to. Cf. i. 3. 55 above.

34. *This blows my heart.* "This generosity swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, 'if thought break it not, a swifter mean'" (Johnson).

35. *Thought.* Sorrowful reflection, taking to heart. See on iii. 13. 1 above. For *mean*, see on iii. 2. 32 above.

Scene VII. — 2. *Our oppression.* The *oppression*, or "opposition" (Hanmer's reading), we experience.

5. *Droven.* See on i. 2. 90 above.

6. *With clouts about their heads.* That is, with their broken heads tied up. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 314.

8. *An H.* The shape of the gash is referred to; with perhaps a play upon the pronunciation of *H*, which was the same as that of the noun *ache*. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 56.

10. *Scotches.* Cuts, wounds. Cf. the verb in *Cor.* iv. 5. 198: "scotched him and notched him like a carbonado." S. uses the noun only here.

16. *Come thee.* Here *thee* is probably a corruption of *thou;* as in *look thee, run thee, hark thee*, etc.

Scene VIII. — 2. *Gests.* Exploits (Latin *gesta*). The folios have "guests;" corrected by Theobald.

5. *Doughty-handed.* Stout of hands. S. has *doughty* only here.

6. *As.* As if. See on i. 2. 95 above.

7. *Shown.* Shown yourselves, appeared; as in ii. 2. 146 and iii. 3. 23 above.

8. *Clip.* Embrace. See on *inclips*, ii. 7. 72 above.

11. *Whole.* That is, making them *whole* or sound again. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 83 : "all our joints are whole," etc.

12. *Fairy.* Enchantress.

15. *Proof of harness.* Armour of proof; a technical term. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 73 : "Add proof unto my armour with thy prayers," etc.

16. *Triumphing.* For the penultimate accent, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 14, v. 3. 15, *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 91, iv. 4. 59, etc. The modern accent is more common in S.

17. *Virtue.* Valour (Latin *virtus*). Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 88 : "valour is the chiefest virtue." See also *Id.* i. 1. 41, *Lear*, v. 3. 103, etc.

20. *Something.* Somewhat; as often.

22. *Get goal for goal*, etc. Win goal for goal, get the better of youth in the contest.

25. *Mankind.* "Accented mostly on the last syllable in *T. of A.*, on the first in the other plays" (Schmidt).

28. *Carbuncled*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 189 : —

> "had it been a carbuncle
> Of Phœbus' wheel."

31. *Owe.* Own; as very often. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 184 : "That owes two buckets," etc. Warburton explained *hack'd targets*, etc., as = "hacked as much as the men to whom they belong," which may be right. Johnson gives it : "Bear our hacked targets with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them."

34. *Drink carouses.* Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 277 : "And quaff carouses to our mistress' health." See also the verb in *Ham.* v. 2. 300, *Oth.* ii. 3. 55, etc.

37. *Tabourines.* Small drums. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 275 : "Beat loud the tabourines."

SCENE IX. — 2. *The court of guard.* The guard-room, or the place where the guard musters. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 220 and 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 4.

3. *Embattle.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 14: "The English are embattled," etc.

5. *Shrewd.* Bad, evil; the original sense of the word, and the most frequent one in S.

8. *Revolted.* Who have revolted. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 31: "revolted tapsters," etc. *Record* (noun) is accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure.

13. *Disponge.* Drop, let fall; used by S. only here. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 65: "spongy April;" and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 349: "the spongy south."

15. *Throw my heart,* etc. A conceit in keeping with the taste of the time. Johnson laments it thus: "The pathetic of Shakespeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting."

20. *Particular.* Personal relation. Cf. i 3. 54 above.

22. *Fugitive.* Deserter; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 67: "thrust out like a fugitive."

29. *Raught.* Reached. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 43: "This staff of honour raught, there let it stand." We find it as the past tense in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 41, *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 21, and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 68. *Reached* occurs only in *Oth.* i. 2. 24, where it is the participle.

30. *Demurely.* The word has been suspected, but, as Clarke says, it not inaptly expresses "the solemnly measured beat, the gravely regulated sound of drums that summon sleeping soldiers to wake and prepare themselves for a second day's fighting after a first that has just been described by the listeners as *a shrewd one to us.*"

Scene X. — 7. *They have put forth the haven.* This is all that the folios give for the line. The obvious gap has been variously filled; as with "Further on," "Hie we on," "Ascend we now," "Let us on," etc. The reading in the text is due to Dyce, and seems to me the best that has been proposed.

SCENE XI. — 1. *But being charg'd*, etc. Unless we are charged, we will remain quiet by land, as, I take it, we shall be allowed to be.

SCENE XII. — 1. *Yet they are not.* They are not yet. For the transposition, cf. ii. 1. 49 above.

3. *Swallows have built.* See North, p. 196 above.

4. *Augurers.* The folios have "auguries;" corrected by Capell. For *augurers*, cf. v. 2. 333 below, *Cor.* ii. 1. 1, *J. C.* ii. 1. 200 and ii. 2. 37. The noun *augurs* occurs in *Macb.* iii. 4. 124, *Sonn.* 107. 6, and *Phœnix and Turtle*, 7; the verb only in ii. 1. 10 above.

8. *Give him hope and fear*, etc. For the construction, cf. iii. 2. 16 and iii. 4. 18 above, and iv. 15. 26 below.

13. *Triple-turn'd.* Thrice faithless. Cf. iii. 13. 116 fol. above.

15. *Only wars on thee.* War only on thee. The transposition is very common.

16. *Charm.* Charmer (as in 25 below), in the sense of witch or sorceress. Cf. *spell* in 30 below.

18. *Uprise.* Cf. *T. A.* iii. 1. 159: "the sun's uprise."

21. *Spaniell'd.* The folios have "pannelled;" happily corrected by Hanmer. The word was often spelt "spannel."

22. *Discandy.* See on iii. 13. 165 above.

25. For *grave* (which may be = deadly, destructive, as Steevens explains it), "gay," "great," and "grand," have been proposed or adopted.

26. *Beck'd.* Beckoned, called by a look or nod. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 13: "When gold and silver becks me to come on."

27. *Crownet.* The *crown* of my wishes and endeavours. Cf. v. 2. 91 below.

28. *Right.* Truly deserving the name, very; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 302, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 103, 127, 290, etc. *At fast and loose* refers to an old cheating game. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 162, iii. 1. 104, and *K. John*, iii. 1. 242.

34. *Plebeians.* Accented on the first syllable, as in *Cor.* i. 9. 7 and v. 4. 39.

36. *Be shown*, etc. Be made a show for the lowest and stupidest of the people. The editors generally adopt Thirlby's conjecture of "doits" for *dolts*, and explain *poor'st diminutives* as = the pettiest of small coin. But the reference is to Cleopatra's being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, a "free show" for the rabble, not to her being exhibited for a fee. Besides it seems more natural for Antony to emphasize the low character of the spectators than the pettiness of the price charged, if there were any. The only other instance of *diminutives* in S. is *T. and C.* v. 1. 38, where it means insignificant persons. *Monster-like* = as a monstrosity; but it is not necessary to see any reference to the fact that monsters were exhibited for money (cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 30 fol.).

39. *Prepared.* "Which she suffered to grow for this purpose" (Warburton).

43. *Nessus.* Alluded to again in *A. W.* iv. 3. 281.

44. *Mine ancestor.* See on i. 3. 84 above.

45. *Lichas.* The servant of Hercules who brought the poisoned shirt from Dejanira, and was thrown by his master into the sea. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 32.

47. *Worthiest.* That is, of being *subdued*, or destroyed. Heath says: "Though Anthony here uses the word *self*, his thoughts are really upon Hercules, with whom for the moment he identifies himself." This may possibly be right, though the other explanation seems to me simpler and more natural.

Scene XIII. — 2. *Telamon for his shield.* That is, Ajax Telamon for the armour of Achilles, the celebrated *shield* being the most valuable part of it. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by Meleager.

3. *Emboss'd.* Foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 17: "The poor cur is emboss'd."

Scene XIV. — 8. *Pageants.* The metaphor is taken from the theatrical exhibitions so called. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 155, *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 164, *L. L. L.* v. 1, 118, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 138, iii. 4. 55, etc.

Hazlitt remarks: "This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, — are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness."

10. *The rack dislimns.* The floating vapour effaces or blots out. For *rack*, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 506, *Temp.* iv. 1. 156, and *Sonn.* 33. 6.

12. *Knave.* In its original sense of boy or servant. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 144, 153, etc.

18. *Moe.* More; used only with a plural or collective noun.

19. *Pack'd cards.* A term for shuffling them unfairly.

22. *End.* See on iii. 11. 38 above.

26. *Die the death.* Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 165, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 65, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 96, etc. See also *Matthew*, xv. 4.

33. *Render'd.* Rendered up, gave up. Cf. iii. 10. 32 above.

39. *The battery from my heart.* Boswell explains this: "the battery *proceeding from* my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me."

40. *Continent.* Container; the only meaning in S. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 92, *T. N.* v. 1. 278, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 131, *Lear*, iii. 2. 58, etc.

41. *Crack.* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 92: "my old heart is crack'd — it 's crack'd!" The word is often used of the heart.

42. *Bruised pieces.* Of the armour that Eros is taking off.

46. *Length.* That is, lengthening out of life.

49. *Seal then*, etc. The metaphor is taken from sealing a legal document, which completes it.

53. *Æneas.* Hanmer reads "Sichæus," as Virgil represents Dido as shunning Æneas in the lower world and seeking her former husband; but S. forgot for the moment that the lovers were not associated in death as in life.

60. *Less noble mind.* Being of less noble mind; an ellipsis not

unlike many others in S. Some editors read "less noble-minded." Cf. North, p. 204 above.

61. *Which.* Who ; as in iii. 12. 5 above.

62. *Thou art sworn*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 37 fol. where Cassius reminds Pindarus of a similar pledge.

63. *Exigent.* Exigency ; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 19 : "Why do you cross me in this exigent?" On the passage, cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 36. fol.

65. *Prosecution.* Pursuit ; the only instance of the word in S.

68. *Defeat'st.* Destroyest. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 160 : "defeat my life," etc.

72. *Window'd.* At a window. The only other instance of the word in S. is *Lear*, iii. 4. 31 : "loop'd and window'd raggedness."

73. *Pleach'd.* Folded. Cf. its use = intertwined, interwoven, in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 7 : "the pleached bower."

74. *Corrigible.* Submissive to correction. In *Oth.* i. 3. 339 it is = corrective. S. uses the word only twice.

75. *Penetrative.* Used by S. only here.

76. *Brandcd*, etc. Branded with baseness him who followed.

79. *That thy.* See on ii. 3. 20 above.

80. *Useful.* S. uses the word elsewhere only in *K. John*, v. 2. 81. So he has *useless* only twice : *Temp.* v. 1. 60 and *R. of L.* 859 (where it is adverbial).

87. *Lo thee!* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 106 : "Why, lo you now."

98. *Got upon me.* Forestalled me in gaining. Cf. *win upon* in ii. 4. 9 above.

100. *A bridegroom in my death*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 83 : —

> "If I must die,
> I will encounter darkness as a bride
> And hug it in my arms."

107. *Period.* End ; as in iv. 2. 25 above.

112. *This tidings.* S. makes *tidings* both singular and plural. Cf. ii. 5. 87 above with v. 1. 27 below.

113. *Enter me with him.* Secure me a place in his favour, recommend me to him.

117. *Sufficing strokes for death.* Strokes sufficient for death. For *owe*, see on iv. 8. 31 above.

123. *Dispos'd.* Made terms.

136. *To grace it.* By gracing it.

SCENE XV. — 10. *Sphere.* See on ii. 7. 14 above. If the crystalline sphere in which the sun was set were destroyed, the sun must fall and the earth become dark. For *darkling*, cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 86 and *Lear*, i. 4. 237.

19. *Importune.* Accented on the penult, as always in S.

21. *Dare not.* That is, dare not descend from the monument.

23. *Imperious.* Imperial. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 236 : "Imperious Cæsar" (where the folios have "Imperial"), etc.

25. *Brooch'd.* Adorned, as with a brooch. Cf. the noun in *Ham.* iv. 7. 94 : —

> "he is the brooch indeed
> And gem of all the nation."

See also *Rich. II.* v. 5. 66.

26. *Edge, sting or operation.* Hanmer reads "operation, or sting;" but cf. *R. of L.* 615, 616 : —

> "For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
> Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look."

For the construction, see on iv. 12. 8 above ; and for the irregularity in the order of the corresponding words, cf. *Lear*, iv. 2. 65 and *Cymb.* iii. 1. 3.

28. *Still conclusion.* "Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution" (Johnson). Schmidt is perhaps right in making it = "silently drawing inferences in surveying and examining my appearance." Nares explains it similarly, as = "deep but quiet censure, looking demure all the while."

29. *Demuring.* Looking demurely, or with affected modesty ; the only instance of the verb in S.

32. *Here 's sport indeed!* Said, of course, with bitter but most

pathetic irony. Johnson supposed it to mean "here 's trifling, you do not work in earnest;" and Steevens that it was intended "to inspire Antony with cheerfulness, and encourage those who were engaged in the melancholy task."

33. *Heaviness.* The play upon the word (in its senses of *sorrow* and *weight*) is in keeping with what precedes.

39. *Quicken.* Revive, become *quick* (see *Ham.* v. 1. 137, etc.) or alive. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 39: "These hairs . . . Will quicken and accuse thee."

44. *The false huswife Fortune.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 85: "Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?" For the contemptuous use of *huswife*, cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 95, etc. *Huswife* is the usual spelling in the old eds. The folio has *housewife* only three times (*A. Y. L.* i. 2. 33, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 24, *Oth.* i. 3. 273).

47. *Gentle.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 46: "Be merry, gentle," etc.

59. *Woo't.* See on iv. 2. 7 above.

64. *The garland of the war.* Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 188: "Him vile that was your garland." See also *Id.* i. 9. 60 and ii. 2. 105.

65. *The soldier's pole.* Their standard or rallying point. Schmidt makes it "their loadstar."

66. *Odds.* Generally singular in S., but sometimes plural; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41: "these odds," etc.

67. *Remarkable.* As Staunton remarks, the word, in the poet's time, "bore a far more impressive and appropriate meaning than with us; it then expressed not merely observable or noteworthy, but something profoundly striking and uncommon."

68. *Quietness.* Calmness.

73. *E'en a woman.* This is said in reply to Iras. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "Cleopatra replies to the first word she hears on recovering her senses, 'No more *an empress*, but a mere woman!'"

75. *Chares.* Drudgery; the Yankee "chores." Cf. the English "char-woman." S. uses the word only here and in v. 2. 231 below.

76. *Injurious.* Malignant.

78. *Naught.* Worthless, vile; usually spelt *naught* in this sense in the early eds., as *nought* when = nothing.

79. *Sottish.* Stupid; the only instance of the word in S. For *sot* = dolt, fool (the only meaning in S.), cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 101, *T. N.* i. 5. 129, etc.

85. *Sirs.* For the feminine use, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 211. See also the use of *sirrah* in v. 2. 229 below. Dyce quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, iv. 3, where the mother says to Viola, Nan, and Madge, "Sirs, to your tasks;" and *A King and No King*, ii. 1: "*Pan.* Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt Waiting-women.*"

89. *Case.* Cf. iv. 14. 41 above and *T. N.* v. 1. 168.

ACT V

SCENE I. — 2. *Frustrate.* Frustrated. A trisyllable, like *mistress* in ii. 5. 27 above. *He mocks the pauses*, etc.; that is, they are mere mockery.

5. *Appear thus.* That is, with a drawn and bloody sword.

15. *The round world.* The line is imperfect, and something may have been lost; but it is not unintelligible as it stands. "S. seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might have been expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost" (Johnson).

21. *Self.* Same. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 10: "that self chain," etc.

24. *Splitted.* For the form, cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, v. 1. 308, and *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 411. For the expression, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 300: "When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow," etc.

27. *Tidings.* See on iv. 14. 112 above. *But it is* = if it be not. Cf. v. 2. 103 below.

30. *Persisted.* Persistent, "strenuous."

31. *Wag'd.* The reading of the 1st folio. The 2d has "way," and the 3d and 4th "may." Rowe reads "weigh'd." *Wag'd*

seems to be = "were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager."

32. *Steer humanity.* Control a human frame.

36. *Lance.* The folios have "launch," which is merely an old form of the word.

37. *Perforce.* Of necessity; as in iii. 4. 6 above.

39. *Look.* That is, as I *now* do, on thine. *Stall* = dwell.

43. *In top of all design.* In the height of all design, in all lofty endeavour.

46. *His.* Its; referring to *mine*, that is, my *heart*.

47. *Should divide*, etc. "That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die" (Johnson).

50. *The business of this man looks out of him.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 46:—

> "What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
> That seems to speak things strange."

52. *A poor Egyptian yet.* "Yet a servant of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome" (Johnson). Clarke explains thus: "I have been hitherto no more than a poor Egyptian; but at present — now that my queen is bereft of all — I am messenger from Cleopatra to Octavius Cæsar."

65. *Her life in Rome*, etc. Her living presence in Rome would add eternal glory to our triumph.

Scene II. — *A Room in the Monument.* As Malone notes, the dramatist has here attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. This was possible on the old stage, on account of the balcony at the back, in which Cleopatra and her two attendants would be placed, while the Romans would appear in front below.

3. *Knave.* Servant. See on iv. 14. 12 above.

4. *And it is great*, etc. "The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide and

the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change;* it produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level" (Johnson). *Dung* is a "periphrasis for the fruits of the fertilizing earth," used contemptuously. Some editors adopt Warburton's conjecture of "dug" for *dung;* but the latter word is "expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life." Cf. i. 1. 35 above:—

> "our dungy earth alike
> Feeds beast as man;"

and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 444:—

> "the earth 's a thief
> That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
> From general excrement."

See also on 280 below.

21. *With thanks.* That is, with thanks *for.* The ellipsis of the preposition is not uncommon when it has been already expressed or can be readily supplied. See on i. 5. 61 above, and cf. 64 below.

27. *Pray in aid.* "A term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question" (Hanmer).

29. *I send him*, etc. I deliver up to him the power he has won.

42. *Languish.* Lingering disease or suffering. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 49: "One desperate grief cures with another's languish." S. uses the noun only twice.

48. *Worth many babes and beggars!* "Why, Death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen than employ thy force upon babes and beggars!" (Johnson). *Temperance* = moderation, self-control.

50. *If idle talk will once be necessary.* A puzzling line. Johnson explains it: "if it be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose;" and Steevens: "if it be necessary for once to talk of performing impossibilities." Mr. C. J. Monro thinks that the *idle talk* is to be made *necessary*, or

useful, in keeping her awake. Of these and other interpretations, Johnson's is as nearly satisfactory as any. Clarke puts it thus: "if it be needful to prate of my intentions."

54. *Chastis'd.* Accented by S. on the penult. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 104, *Macb.* i. 5. 26, etc.

55. *Dull Octavia.* Mrs. Jameson remarks: "I do not understand the observation of a late critic [Hazlitt] that in this play 'Octavia is only a dull foil to Cleopatra.' Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen her accomplished rival gives her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and coloured up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fire-works blot out for a while the silver moon and ever-burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival; the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau ideal* of a noble Roman lady —

> "'whose beauty claims
> No worse a husband than the best of men,
> Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
> That which none else can utter' (ii. 2. 129).

"The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches,' but every stroke tells. We see her with 'downcast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure' — with her modest tenderness and dignified submission — the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to —

> "'the swan's down-feather,
> That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
> And neither way inclines' (iii. 2. 48).

"The fear which seems to haunt the mind of Cleopatra, lest she should be 'chastised by the sober eye' of Octavia, is exceedingly characteristic of the two women: it betrays the jealous pride of her who was conscious that she had forfeited all real claim to respect; and it places Octavia before us in all the majesty of that virtue which could strike a kind of envying and remorseful awe even into the bosom of Cleopatra. What would she have thought and felt, had some soothsayer foretold to her the fate of her own children, whom she so tenderly loved? Captives, and exposed to the rage of the Roman populace, they owed their existence to the generous, admirable Octavia, in whose mind there entered no particle of littleness. She received into her house the children of Antony and Cleopatra, educated them with her own, treated them with truly maternal tenderness, and married them nobly."

59. *Nak'd.* The folio printing, indicating that the word is monosyllabic. The contraction also occurs in Chapman's *Homer.*

61. *Pyramides.* The Latin plural (a quadrisyllable) was sometimes used for the sake of the measure. Steevens cites, among other instances, *Doctor Faustus*, 1604: "Besides the gates and high pyramides;" and *Tamburlaine*, 1590: "Like to the shadows of pyramides."

64. *Find cause.* See on 21 above.

66. *For the queen.* As for the queen.

81. *The little O, the earth.* S. elsewhere uses *O* for anything round. See *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 188, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 45, *Hen. V.* prol. 13, and *A. and C.* v. 2. 81. Cf. Bacon, *Essay* 37: "And *Oes*, or *Spangs* [spangles], as they are of no great Cost, so they are of most Glory." Halliwell-Phillipps notes that the eyes were sometimes called *oes;* as in *MS. Bodl.* 160: "Frome your oes the teres wald starte."

82. *Bestrid.* The only form of the past tense and participle of *bestride* in S. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 135:—

> "Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus."

83. *Crested.* An allusion to the familiar use of a raised arm as a crest in heraldry. *Was propertied as* = had the properties of, was as musical as. For the allusion to the "music of the spheres," cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 6, *T. N.* iii. 1. 121, *M. of V.* v. 1. 60, etc.

87. *Autumn.* The folios have "*Anthony;*" corrected by Theobald. Corson would retain the old reading, seeing in it an allusion to the Greek ἄνθος or ἀνθόνομος, which he strangely thinks could mean "a flowering pasturage."

91. *Crownets.* Coronets. Cf. iv. 12. 27 above.

92. *Plates.* Silver coin (Spanish *plata*).

98. *Vie.* Rival, or produce in rivalry.

99. *Were nature's piece.* "The word *piece* is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the piece done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming;* he was more by *nature* than *fancy* could present in sleep" (Johnson). For this use of *piece*, cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 104, v. 3. 38, *T. of A.* i. 1. 28, 255, v. 1. 21, etc. We might explain the word here as = model, masterpiece; as in iii. 2. 28 above.

103. *But I do feel.* If I do not feel. Cf. v. 1. 27 above.

121. *Project.* Shape, form, set forth; the only instance of the verb in S. It is accented on the first syllable, like the noun.

122. *To make. As* to make.

123. *I like . . . which.* Cf. *such . . . which*, etc. See on i. 2. 189 and i. 4. 28 above.

125. *Enforce.* Lay stress upon. Cf. ii. 2. 99 above.

138. *Brief.* Abstract, schedule. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 42: "There is a brief how many sports are ripe," etc.

140. *Not petty things admitted.* Trifling things excepted. Theobald changed *admitted* to "omitted;" but it seems to me more probable that Cleopatra is shrewd enough to leave the door open for the excuse she afterwards makes in 165 below. The exposure made by Seleucus leads her then to add that she has also reserved *some nobler token* for Livia and Octavia.

146. *Seal.* The 1st and 2d folios have "seele," and Johnson reads "seel;" but that word is elsewhere used only of the eyes (cf. iii. 13. 112 above), while to *seal* the *mouth* or *lips* is a common figure. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 89, *R. and J.* v. 3. 216, *Lear*, iv. 6. 174, etc.

150. *Your wisdom.* "And the Lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely" (*Luke*, xvi. 8).

155. *Goest thou back?* Cf. the modern vulgarism of "going back upon" a person.

163. *Parcel the sum*, etc. "Add one more *parcel* or item to the sum of my disgraces" (Malone).

164. *Envy.* Malice; as often. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 259, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 10, 126, etc.

166. *Immoment.* Of no moment, insignificant; used by S. nowhere else.

167. *Modern.* Ordinary. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 170: "A modern ecstasy;" *R. and J.* iii. 2. 20: "modern lamentation," etc.

169. *Livia.* The wife of Cæsar.

170. *Unfolded with.* Exposed by.

174. *My chance.* My fortune. The figure seems to me a natural and expressive one: "or the last smouldering sparks of my fiery nature will flame forth through the ashes of my decayed fortune." Hanmer needlessly changes *my chance* to "mischance;" and Walker conjectures "my change." For *chance*, see on iii. 10. 35 above.

176. *Misthought.* Misjudged. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 108: "Misthink the king."

178. *Merits.* Deserts. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 5. 8: "a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself;" and *Id.* v. 3. 44: —

> "As we shall find their merits and our safety
> May equally determine."

185. *Make not your thoughts your prisons.* "Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune; be not a prisoner in imagination, when really you are free" (Johnson).

186. *Dispose.* Dispose of, do with. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 225, *C. of E.* i. 2. 73, etc.

191. *Words.* Flatters with words; the only instance of this sense in S.

193. *Finish.* That is, die; as she had whispered her purpose of doing. Cf. *J. C.* v. 5. 5 fol.

196. *Put it to the haste.* "Make your soonest haste" (iii. 4. 27).

199. *Makes religion.* Makes it a sacred obligation. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 201, *R. and J.* i. 2. 93, etc.

210. *Aprons, rules.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 7: "Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?"

212. *Rank of.* Rank with. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 98: "The breath of garlic-eaters."

215. *Scald.* Scabby, scurvy. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 5 (see also 31, 33): "the rascally, scald, peggarly, lousy, pragging knave," etc. *Quick* = lively, sprightly; with perhaps the additional idea of being prompt to take advantage of a fresh and popular subject.

216. *Ballad us.* For the fashion in the poet's day of making ballads on current events of note, see 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 52 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 279. Cf. also Falstaff's threat in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 48.

217. *Extemporally.* The word occurs again in *V. and A.* 836: "sings extemporally." *Present* = represent; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 167: "when I presented Ceres," etc.

220. *Boy my greatness.* In the time of S. female parts were performed by boys or young men.

226. *Absurd.* Changed by Theobald to "assur'd." Hudson remarks that "there seems to be no reason why *absurd* should be used here, while *assur'd* just fits the place;" but surely if his *intents* are *assur'd* from *his* point of view, they are *absurd* from *hers*, for she is going to *fool* them. In the same vein, after she has done this, she calls Cæsar *an ass unpolicied* (307 below).

229. *Sirrah Iras.* See on iv. 15. 85 above.

231. *Chare.* Task. See on iv. 15. 75 above.

236. *What poor an instrument.* For the transposition of the

article, cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 186: "so fair an offered chain;" *L. L. L.* i. 1. 65: "too hard a keeping oath," etc.

238. *Plac'd.* Fixed; as in *P. P.* 256: "plac'd without remove."

240. *Marble-constant.* Firm as marble. Cf. *marble-breasted* (*T. N.* v. 1. 127), *marble-hearted* (*Lear*, i. 4. 281), etc.

242. *Avoid.* Withdraw, depart; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 142, *C. of E.* iv. 3. 48, 66, etc.

243. *Worm.* Snake. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 37: "Outvenoms all the worms of Nile," etc.

258. *Fallible.* The 1st folio has "falliable," which should perhaps be retained as a vulgarism.

263. *Do his kind.* Act according to his nature. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 67: "Your cuckoo sings by kind," etc. Malone quotes *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562: "For tickle Fortune doth, in changing, but her kind."

281. *Now no more*, etc. Clarke remarks that this passage confirms the old text in 7 above. "Cleopatra here, in her own gorgeously poetical strain, takes leave of the material portion of existence, and prepares to enter upon the spiritual portion: she has previously condensed the aggregate products of earth — corn, wine, oil, fruits, and, indirectly, flesh-meat — into one superbly disdainful word *dung;* and she now figuratively sums them up in one draught of grape-juice, as the wine of life, the sustainer of mortal being, to which she bids farewell."

282. *Moist.* The verb is used by S. only here and in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 76. *Moisten* also occurs only twice in his works: in *Lear*, iv. 3. 33 and *R. of L.* 1227.

283. *Yare, yare.* Quick, quick. See on ii. 2. 213 above.

289. *I am fire and air*, etc. Alluding to the old idea that man was made up of the four elements. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 23: "He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." See also *Sonn.* 44 and 45, where the same idea is elaborately developed.

293. *Aspic.* Asp. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 450: "aspics' tongues."

"Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress" (Steevens).

302. *He'll make demand of her.* "He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence" (Johnson); or, perhaps, simply demand a kiss of her.

303. *Mortal.* Deadly; as in i. 2. 130 above. *Wretch* is not used contemptuously, but as in *Oth.* iii. 3. 90, etc.

304. *Intrinsicate.* Apparently = intricate; used by S. only here. Cf. *intrinse* in *Lear*, ii. 2. 81.

305. *Fool.* Sometimes used as a term of endearment or pity. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 22, *W. T.* ii. 1. 18, 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 36, etc.

308. *Unpolicied.* Devoid of policy, stupid; used by S. only here.

314. *Wild.* The folios have "wilde" or "wild;" but Capell (followed by many editors) took it to be a misprint for *vile*, which is always "vild" or "vilde" in the early eds. As Collier remarks, "Charmian might well call the world *wild*, desert, and savage, after the deaths of Antony, Cleopatra, and others whom she loved."

316. *Windows.* Eyelids; as in *R. and J.* iv. 1. 100, *Cymb.* ii. 2. 22, etc.

319. *And then play.* She is probably thinking of Cleopatra's words in 232 above.

323. *Beguil'd.* Deceived, cheated; as in iii. 7. 74 above.

330. *Touch their effects.* Are realized. Cf. *R. of L.* 353: "Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried."

333. *Augurer.* See on iv. 12. 4 above.

335. *Levell'd at.* Guessed at; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 41: "level at my affection." The metaphor is taken from *levelling*, or aiming, a musket. For its literal use, see *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 203, *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 239, etc.

346. *As.* As if. Cf. i. 2. 95 and iv. 1. 1 above.

348. *Something blown.* Somewhat swollen. Cf. iv. 6. 34 above.

353. *Her physician tells me*, etc. See North, p. 199 above. *Conclusions* = experiments; as in *Cymb.* i. 5. 18, *Ham.* iii. 4. 195,

etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks : "Although Cleopatra talks of dying 'after the high Roman fashion,' she fears what she most desires, and cannot perform with simplicity what costs her such an effort. That extreme physical cowardice, which was so strong a trait in her historical character, which led to the defeat of Actium, which made her delay the execution of a fatal resolve till she had 'tried conclusions infinite of *easy* ways to die,' Shakspeare has rendered with the finest possible effect, and in a manner which heightens instead of diminishing our respect and interest. Timid by nature, she is courageous by the mere force of will, and she lashes herself up with high-sounding words into a kind of false daring. Her lively imagination suggests every incentive which can spur her on to the deed she has resolved, yet trembles to contemplate. She pictures to herself all the degradations which must attend her captivity ; and let it be observed that those which she anticipates are precisely such as a vain, luxurious, and haughty woman would especially dread, and which only true virtue and magnanimity could despise. Cleopatra could have endured the loss of freedom ; but to be led in triumph through the streets of Rome is insufferable. She could stoop to Cæsar with dissembling courtesy, and meet duplicity with superior art ; but 'to be chastised' by the scornful or upbraiding glance of the injured Octavia — 'rather a ditch in Egypt!'"

358. *Clip.* Enclose. See on iv. 8. 8 and ii. 7. 72 above.

APPENDIX

Other Plays on the Same Subject

Mrs. Jameson remarks that Cleopatra has furnished the subject of "two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and at least four Italian tragedies," and this by no means exhausts the list.[1] Only a few of these preceded Shakespeare's play, and (see p. 13 above) he does not appear to have been indebted to any of them.

Jodelle's *Cléopâtre Captive*, famed as the earliest French tragedy, was acted before Henry II in 1542. Garnier's *Marc Antoine* followed in 1578, and after this a long series of *Cléopâtres*, down to Marmontel's in 1750, or Sardou and Moreau's in 1892 (Ward). Daniel's *Cleopatra* (1594) was apparently never acted. The Countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie* was written in 1590 and printed in 1595. Mrs. Jameson believes it to be "the first instance in our language of original dramatic writing by a female," but it was a translation from the French of Garnier. Samuel Brandon's *The Virtuous Octavia* was printed in 1598. A *Cleopatra Queen of Egypt*, by Thomas May, was acted in 1626 and printed in 1639. Beaumont and Fletcher's *The False One* (in which some believe that Massinger had a share), printed in 1647, deals with the early history of the Egyptian queen and her amour with Julius Cæsar. In 1677 Sir Charles Sedley produced an *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which Betterton took the part of Antony.

All these plays are of little interest in comparison with Dryden's *All for Love, or the World Well Lost* (1778), the title page of

[1] A German *Cleopatra*, by Daniel Caspar von Lohenstein, appeared as early as 1661.

which states that it was "Written in Imitation of Shakespeare's Stile." The author regarded it as his highest dramatic achievement, and attributed its success in part to his study of his great predecessor. In the preface he says: "In my stile I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare: which that I might perform more freely I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself that I have not copy'd my author servilely. Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages, but 't is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of stiles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd myself throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt Anthony and Ventidius in the first act to anything which I have written in this kind."

Dryden's verdict upon his *All for Love* has been generally accepted as just. The critics quite unanimously agree that it is his best play. The author himself says that it is the only one he wrote for himself; the rest were given to the people. Ward, in his *History of English Dramatic Literature* (1899), says of it: "*All for Love* may be almost described as a trial of strength, not only against Shakespeare, but against many of the chief wits of the nation before and after Shakespeare. Dryden's complacency in the result is not wholly unjustified. In a sense his tragedy is original; the character of Antony is drawn with considerable skill; the dominion which passion is capable of acquiring over a

human being is, I think, exhibited quite as effectively as it is in Shakespeare, but Dryden's Antony lacks elevation. His Cleopatra is comparatively uninteresting. The writing maintains a high level throughout; and the scene to which the author directs special attention is undoubtedly admirable. The construction of the play is close and effective, and its general tone is sufficiently moderated without becoming open to the charge of tameness. . . . He cannot be said to rival Shakespeare on his own ground, but he follows him on it without making himself guilty of servile imitation or breaking down from lack of original force. *All for Love* has been not unjustly designated by an eminent critic [Mr. Leslie Stephen] as 'Dryden's finest play.'"

Campbell the poet, in his comments on Shakespeare's play, compares it with Dryden's thus: —

"If I were to select any historical play of Shakespeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equal faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be the above play. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps, a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth: he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

"At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton queen,

and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding-match. The latter poet's *All for Love* was regarded by himself as his masterpiece, and is by no means devoid of merit; but so inferior is it to the prior drama as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters; yet so it happens, in this same island, that Dryden's *All for Love* has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

"Dryden's Marc Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, 'There's a great spirit gone!' and his reflections on his own enthralment by Cleopatra mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden's works, compares *All for Love* with Shakespeare's play, and gives the former the credit of greater "simplicity and concentration of plot" and a "more artful arrangement of the story." "But," he adds, "after having given Dryden the praise of superior address in managing the story, I fear he must be pronounced in most other respects inferior to his great prototype. Antony, the principal character in both plays, is incomparably grander in that of Shakespeare. The majesty and generosity of the military hero is happily expressed by both poets; but the awful ruin of grandeur, undermined by passion and tottering to its fall, is far more striking in the Antony of Shakespeare. Love, it is true, is the predominant, but it is not the sole ingredient in his character. It has usurped possession of his mind, but is assailed

by his original passions, ambition of power and thirst for military fame. He is therefore often, and it should seem naturally, represented as feeling for the downfall of his glory and power even so intensely as to withdraw his thoughts from Cleopatra, unless considered as the cause of his ruin. . . . But Dryden has taken a different view of Antony's character, and more closely approaching to his title of *All for Love*. 'He seems not now that awful Antony.' His whole thoughts and being are dedicated to his fatal passion, and though a spark of resentment is occasionally struck out by the reproaches of Ventidius, he instantly relapses into lovesick melancholy. . . . Antony is, throughout the piece, what the author meant him to be, — a victim to the omnipotence of love, or rather, to the infatuation of one engrossing passion.

"In the Cleopatra of Dryden there is greatly less spirit and originality than in Shakespeare's. The preparation of the latter for death has a grandeur which puts to shame the same scene in Dryden, and serves to support the interest during the whole fifth act, although Antony has died in the conclusion of the fourth. No circumstance can more highly evince the power of Shakespeare's genius, in spite of his irregularities; since the conclusion in Dryden, where both lovers die in the same scene, and after a reconciliation, is infinitely more artful and better adapted to theatrical effect. . . .

"The Octavia of Dryden is a much more important personage than in the *Antony and Cleopatra* of Shakespeare. She is, however, more cold and unamiable; for in the very short scenes in which the Octavia of Shakespeare appears, she is placed in rather an interesting point of view. But Dryden has himself informed us that he was apprehensive the justice of a wife's claim upon her husband would draw the audience to her side, and lessen their interest in the lover. . . . Her scolding scene with Cleopatra, though anxiously justified by the author in the preface, seems too coarse to be in character, and is a glaring exception to the general good taste evinced throughout the rest of the piece."

James Russell Lowell, in his paper on Dryden, says: "Except in *All for Love* there is no trace of real passion in any of his tragedies. This, indeed, is inevitable, for there are no characters, but only personages in any except that. That is, in many respects, a noble play, and there are few finer scenes, whether in the conception or the carrying out, than that between Antony and Ventidius in the first act." [1]

As an illustration of "that ripened sweetness of thought and language which marks the natural vein of Dryden," the same critic quotes the following from *All for Love*: —

> "Gone so soon!
> Is Death no more? He us'd him carelessly,
> With a familiar kindness; ere he knock'd,
> Ran to the door and took him in his arms,
> As who should say, 'You're welcome at all hours,
> A friend need give no warning.'"

Lowell adds: "With one more extract from the same play, which is in every way his best, for he had, when he wrote it, been feeding on the bee-bread of Shakespeare, I shall conclude. Antony says: —

> "'For I am now so sunk from what I was
> Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.
> The rivers that ran in and rais'd my fortunes
> Are all dried up, or take another course.
> What I have left is from my native spring;
> I've a heart still that swells in scorn of Fate,
> And lifts me to my banks.'

This is certainly, from beginning to end, in what used to be called the *grand* style, at once noble and natural."

[1] Voltaire, writing to M. de Fromant, says: "Il y a seulement la scène de *Ventidius* et d'*Antoine* qui est digne de Corneille."

The Time-analysis of the Play

I give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in his valuable paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 237), with some explanatory extracts from the preceding pages inserted or appended: —

Time of the Play, twelve days represented on the stage; with intervals.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i.–iv.

Interval. [In Act I. sc. v. Alexas brings a message and a present of a pearl to Cleopatra from Antony. On his journey he has met "twenty several messengers" sent by the Queen to Antony, and she says, "He shall have every day a several greeting." We may suppose then an interval of some twenty days between Days 1 and 2.]

Day 2. Act I. sc. v., Act II. sc. i.–iii. [The first lines of Act II. sc. iii. must represent the termination of the meeting proposed in the preceding scene. At the end of it Antony bids Octavia and Cæsar good night, and she and Cæsar evidently go out together; though the only stage direction is "Exit." We are, then, clearly in Antony's first day in Rome; yet his conversation with the Soothsayer, who now enters, would suppose the lapse of some time since his arrival. . . . The fact is, distant times are brought together in this scene, as in many other places of the drama.]

Day 3. Act II. sc. iv.

Interval [time for the news of Antony's marriage to reach Alexandria; and for the Triumvirs to meet with Pompey near Misenum].

Day 4. Act II. sc. v.–vii. [Act III. sc. iii.].

Interval? [time for the Triumvirs to return to Rome].

Day 5. Act III. sc. i. and ii. [The opening lines of this latter scene annihilate time and space. Dramatically Misenum and Rome

become one. The treaty with Pompey concluded at Misenum becomes a Roman business; and the interval I have marked between this and the preceding act is of dubious propriety. It becomes still more so if we include in Day 5 the following scene, which certainly cannot be later than the morrow of Act II. sc. v.]

[Act III. sc. iii.[1] See Day 4.]

Interval [much wanted historically].

Day 6. Act III. sc. iv. and v.

Interval [Octavia's journey from Athens to Rome].

Day 7. Act III. sc. vi.

Interval.

Day 8. Act III. sc. vii.

Day 9. Act III. sc. viii.–x.

Interval.

Day 10. Act. III. sc. xi.–xiii., Act IV. sc. i.–iii.

Day 11. Act IV. sc. iv.–ix.

Day 12. Act IV. sc. x.–xv., Act V. sc. i. and ii. [Much of the business of this latter scene — not easily to be gathered from the drama itself — is derived by the editors from Plutarch's history of Mark Antony, on which the play is founded. I am in some doubt whether a separate day, the morrow of Day 12, should not be marked for the last two scenes. Historically, of course, some time elapsed between the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra; but all these scenes from Act IV. sc. x. to the end of the play are dramatically so closely connected that, in the absence of any specific note of time which would justify this division, I have deemed it best to include them all in one day, the last.]

Historic time, about ten years; B.C. 40 to B.C. 30.

[1] "Time is so shuffled in these scenes that it is extremely difficult to make out any consistent scheme; on the whole, I incline to transfer this scene to Day 4, and accordingly place it within brackets. It might follow, in stage representation, sc. vi. and vii. of Act II., or, better perhaps, come between them, thus affording variety to the audience and an equal distribution of repose and action to the players."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Antony: i. 1(25), 2(59), 3(47); ii. 2(86), 3(25), 6(16), 7(28); iii. 2(19), 4(25), 7(21), 9(4), 11(58), 13(110); iv. 2(41), 4(31), 5(11), 7(5), 8(37), 10(9), 12(43), 14(106), 15(23). Whole no. 829.

Cæsar: i. 4(62); ii. 2(56), 3(1), 6(16), 7(15); iii. 2(21), 6(83), 8(5), 12(22); iv. 1(13), 6(10), 11(4); v. 1(54), 2(58). Whole no. 420.

Lepidus: i. 4(15); ii. 2(27), 4(8), 6(6), 7(12); iii. 2(2). Whole no. 70.

Pompey: ii. 1(42), 6(64), 7(30). Whole no. 136.

Enobarbus: i. 2(47); ii. 2(79), 6(44), 7(18); iii. 2(22), 5(9), 7(30), 10(15), 13(44); iv. 2(11), 6(20), 9(17). Whole no. 356.

Ventidius: iii. 1(30). Whole no. 30.

Eros: iii. 5(18), 11(8); iv. 4(1), 5(2), 7(2), 14(18). Whole no. 49.

Scarus: iii. 10(21); iv. 7(11), 10(1), 12(7). Whole no. 40.

Dercetas: iv. 14(4); v. 1(17). Whole no. 21.

Demetrius: i. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

Philo: i. 1(16). Whole no. 16.

Mæcenas: ii. 2(17), 4(4); iii. 6(10); iv. 1(5); v. 1(4). Whole no. 40.

Agrippa: ii. 2(30), 4(3); iii. 2(13), 6(5); iv. 6(1), 7(3); v. 1(6). Whole no. 61.

Dolabella: iii. 12(5); v. 1(1), 2(42). Whole no. 48.

Proculeius: v. 1(1), 2(31). Whole no. 32.

Thyreus: iii. 12(2), 13(29). Whole no. 31.

Gallus: v. 2(2). Whole no. 2.

Menas: ii. 1(8), 6(27), 7(33). Whole no. 68.
Menecrates: ii. 1(6). Whole no. 6.
Varrius: ii. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Taurus: iii. 8(1). Whole no. 1.
Canidius: iii. 7(16), 10(9). Whole no. 25.
Silius: iii. 1(11). Whole no. 11.
Euphronius: iii. 12(14), 13(2). Whole no. 16.
Alexas: i. 2(11), 5(17); iii. 3(4). Whole no. 32.
Mardian: i. 5(6); ii. 5(1); iv. 14(12). Whole no. 19.
Seleucus: v. 2(5). Whole no. 5.
Diomedes: iv. 14(16), 15(3). Whole no. 19.
Soothsayer: i. 2(13); ii. 3(19). Whole no. 32.
Clown: v. 2(31). Whole no. 31.
1*st Attendant:* i. 1(1), 2(1); ii. 5(1); iii. 13(3). Whole no. 6
2*d Attendant:* i. 2(1). Whole no. 1.
1*st Messenger:* i. 2(15), 4(16); ii. 5(25); iii. 3(18), 7(3); iv 6(2). Whole no. 79.
2*d Messenger:* i. 2(4). Whole no. 4.
1*st Servant:* ii. 7(11). Whole no. 11.
2*d Servant:* ii. 7(8). Whole no. 8.
1*st Soldier:* iii. 7(13); iv. 3(12), 4(3), 5(12), 6(10), 9(13) Whole no. 63.
2*d Soldier:* iv. 3(8), 9(7). Whole no. 15.
3*d Soldier:* iv. 3(6), 9(7). Whole no. 13.
4*th Soldier:* iv. 3(5). Whole no. 5.
1*st Guard:* iv. 14(5); v. 2(18). Whole no. 23.
2*d Guard:* iv. 14(2); v. 2(2). Whole no. 4.
3*d Guard:* iv. 14(1). Whole no. 1.
Egyptian: v. 1(6). Whole no. 6.
Captain: iv. 4(1). Whole no. 1.
Boy: ii. 7(6). Whole no. 6.
Cleopatra: i. 1(21), 2(6), 3(70), 5(60); ii. 5(106); iii. 3(34), 7(15), 11(8), 13(46); iv. 2(2), 4(9), 8(5), 12(1), 13(8), 15(68); v. 2(211). Whole no. 670.

Octavia: ii. 3(3); iii. 2(3), 4(16), 6(14). Whole no. 36.

Charmian: i. 2(43), 3(8), 5(8); ii. 5(10); iii. 3(9), 11(2); iv. 4(1), 13(4), 15(5); v. 2(19). Whole no. 109.

Iras: i. 2(15); iii. 11(4); iv. 15(4); v. 2(7). Whole no. 30.

"*All*": iii. 11(1); iv. 2(1), 3(3), 4(1), 14(2), 15(1); v. 1(1), 2(2). Whole no. 12.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(62), 2(204), 3(105), 4(84), 5(78); ii. 1(52), 2(250), 3(42), 4(10), 5(119), 6(145), 7(141); iii. 1(37), 2(66), 3(51), 4(38), 5(25), 6(98), 7(81), 8(6), 9(4), 10(37), 11(74), 12(36), 13(201); iv. 1(16), 2(45), 3(23), 4(38), 5(17), 6(39), 7(16), 8(39), 9(35), 10(9), 11(4), 12(49), 13(10), 14(140), 15(91); v. 1(77), 2(369). Whole number in the play, 3063. This play contains 42 scenes — more than any other in S. *Coriolanus* comes next with 29 scenes, and *Macbeth* next with 28. On the other hand, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Tempest* have only 9 each, and *The Comedy of Errors* only 11.

Cleopatra has more lines than any other female character in the plays except *Rosalind*, who has 749 lines. *Imogen* comes next, with 596 lines; then *Portia* (in *M. of V.*) with 589, and *Juliet* with 541. These are the only women in Shakespeare that have more than 500 lines. Some prominent ones come at the other end of the list: *Lady Macbeth* (261 lines), *Katherine the Shrew* (220), *Hermione* (211), *Miranda* (142), *Cordelia* (115), *Portia* (in *J. C.*), 95.

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